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DIRTY

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THE MONTH
VALENTINA
NAPPI**

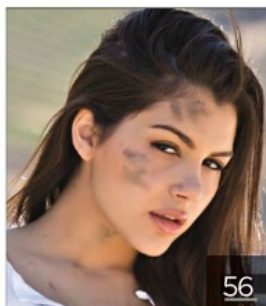
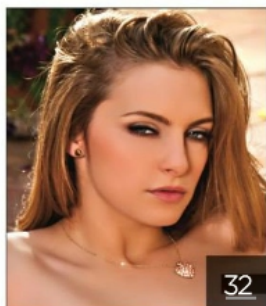
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SHOOT it any way you like



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Caprice is also
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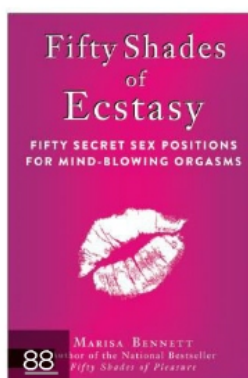
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Night Moves



One Saturday afternoon, I got a call from a buddy about a last-minute gig. I told my girlfriend, Sara, I'd be home early since we'd made plans for the night, but it was so late when I got back that I was convinced that sex just wasn't going to happen in any way.

I went straight to the bathroom, dropping my clothes along the way. When I got out of the shower, all I could think about was sinking my dick deep into Sara's snatch. Hoping she hadn't been asleep too long, I made a beeline for the bedroom only to find her curled up under the sheet. When I pulled back the sheet, there was just enough moonlight streaming through the half-closed blinds for me to see that Sara was totally nude. It was as if she had been waiting for me to come home and fuck her.

My cock had been semierect when I came out of the shower, but just looking at Sara gave me a full-blown hard-on. She was lying on her back,

her legs slightly open. She looked so inviting I couldn't help myself. I lowered my mouth and gently licked her pussy lips. I felt her shudder a little as she softly said my name. I stroked her clit, then drove my tongue into her cunt. Sara moaned again, grabbed the back of my head, and ground her pussy against my lips.

I paused to pull her legs up a little higher, and tongue-fucked her. She began shaking uncontrollably and moaning louder and louder. Her legs trembled and she finally screamed out her climax before pulling me up for a near-violent kiss. Then she reached down, grabbed my cock, and said, "Fuck me!"

I fucked her with deep strokes. I love watching my cock slide in and out of her, seeing the way it glistens with her juices.

Sara grabbed my dick and started stroking it, sometimes circling her swollen clit with the wet tip. I loved the way her small hands handled my tool. She gradually stroked faster and harder, using the constant flow of pre-come to help. It felt damn good, but the last thing I wanted was to come without being deep inside her heat. I slowly pushed my dick into her and felt her jerk as she arched her back.

"Give me all of your cock, baby, and don't hold back!" she said. "Fuck me hard, baby!"

That was all I needed to hear. I pushed all the way in and began fucking her with long, deep strokes. I love watching my cock slide in and out of her, seeing the way it glistens with her juices.

Sara was squeezing her breasts and I couldn't resist. I leaned in and sucked one fat nipple into my mouth as I picked up my pace. All I could hear was the sound of our skin slapping as I moved faster and harder.

She started screaming louder and louder. "Yes, baby, give it all to me! Punish me, baby!"

I did my best to give her the pounding she craved, fucking her like there was no tomorrow. Hell, if I could have squeezed my balls into her, I would have. Sara had never been this turned-on before. The more she screamed for me to fuck her, the better it was for me.

Then she grabbed my ass and pulled me in tight, grinding her horny cunt against me. She was getting ready to come and so was I. Suddenly, she began to shake and I quickly resumed my thrusts, feeling her cunt tighten up as she went over the edge and orgasmed. Her nails dug into my back, and as she let out one final scream I held my cock deep inside her and went off like a rocket. I'm sure it didn't last that long, but it felt as if my cock was spewing jizz forever.

I barely had sense enough to roll to the side before collapsing next to her. Too exhausted to move right away, I just lay there while Sara's body seemed to twitch with little aftershocks. When she could move, she kissed me good-morning. As I kissed her back, I had to agree—this was the best way to start any day.—E.R., Georgia

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Two Girls Walked Into a Bar ...

I was sitting in the last row of the conference room, squirming in the hard chair. My pussy was sore, having been well-fucked for hours. It was the best kind of sore, though—a nice reminder of everything that had happened the night before.

I'd gone out for a drink after work with Ally, one of the girls from my department. We're good friends outside work—really good friends—and we can get into all kinds of crazy shit when we're in the mood.

We'd just started on our drinks when I saw a new server down at the far end. He was tall and slim, but solidly built—not wiry. He had a nice ass, too. The more I looked at him, the more I thought about gripping those buns and fucking him. Ally smirked when she saw me lick my lips as he walked by, but I could tell from his swagger that he'd be a good fuck.

Just then, Steve, the bartender for our section, came back with our change. I suspected he had a thing for Ally—he always gave us free drinks and talked to Ally more than he did to me. I asked him about the new server.

"Oh, Bryan? He's cool," he said. And within seconds, Steve was at the end of the bar telling Bryan I'd asked about him. Well, one thing led to another and the guys scrambled to get the next shift to start early so they could leave with us.

We all ended up back at my condo and I showed the guys some photos of Ally and me making out. I could see the huge tent in Bryan's pants, and I knew he had a cock that wouldn't disappoint me.

Then Steve and Bryan wanted to see us make out, but I told them we'd save that for later—maybe, if they were good. I took Bryan into my bedroom and left Ally and Steve to their own devices, as Ally knew her way to the guest bedroom.

As soon as I closed the door behind us, we fell onto the bed. Bryan pulled me in close and moved his tongue along my lips, as I grabbed his ass and rolled my pelvis against the stiff rod in his pants. He pulled up my shirt and buried his face in my breasts. I tried to keep the noise down for the neighbors, but I soon gave that up. I couldn't hold back my moans of pleasure. And besides, I was pretty sure they'd get a double dose of the sound effects, because Ally was

definitely a screamer.

I was crying out, and Bryan was growling like a beast as he sucked on my nipples. I couldn't take it anymore. I pushed him off me and onto his back, and ripped into his pants as fast as I could. His cock was long and thick, hard and ready.

I sucked hard on the smooth tip, wishing I could suck the jizz out of him. I licked up and down and around his fat cock, as my juices soaked my panties. If my mouth could have orgasms, I would have had ten by then.

Finally, he sat up and pushed me down onto the bed again. Within seconds he had me naked, sliding his fingers into my slick hole. He pushed my legs open and brought his mouth down to suck on my swollen clit. I cried out as he licked me, but I couldn't take it too much longer. I pulled him up by his dark hair, and he

I was moaning and he kept growling and slamming himself deep, sending quick surges of pleasure through me.

gave me a quick, intense look, then rammed his massive cock into me.

I doubt the neighbors could get much sleep, because I was moaning, and he just kept growling and ramming me, slamming himself deep, with his body bumping my clit hard, sending quick surges of pleasure through me.

I held my legs back, up by his shoulders, and he pounded me furiously into ecstasy. I was trying not to bite him too hard, but I couldn't help clenching my teeth into his smooth shoulders. Finally, my clit couldn't take the friction anymore and I exploded, my pussy contracting around that fat cock of his.

After I come, there's this incredible feeling as the fucking continues. It's nearly impossible to describe, but I just love it. I squeezed at my nipples and he pulled out and came all over my chest and belly. I rubbed it in and enjoyed the cool feeling as the air hit my wet tits.

Bryan certainly didn't let me down. We fucked three more times before he headed home, and hopefully I haven't seen the last of his cock. Until then, I have my sore and swollen cunt as a sweet reminder.—Name and address withheld

More letters on [page 122](#)



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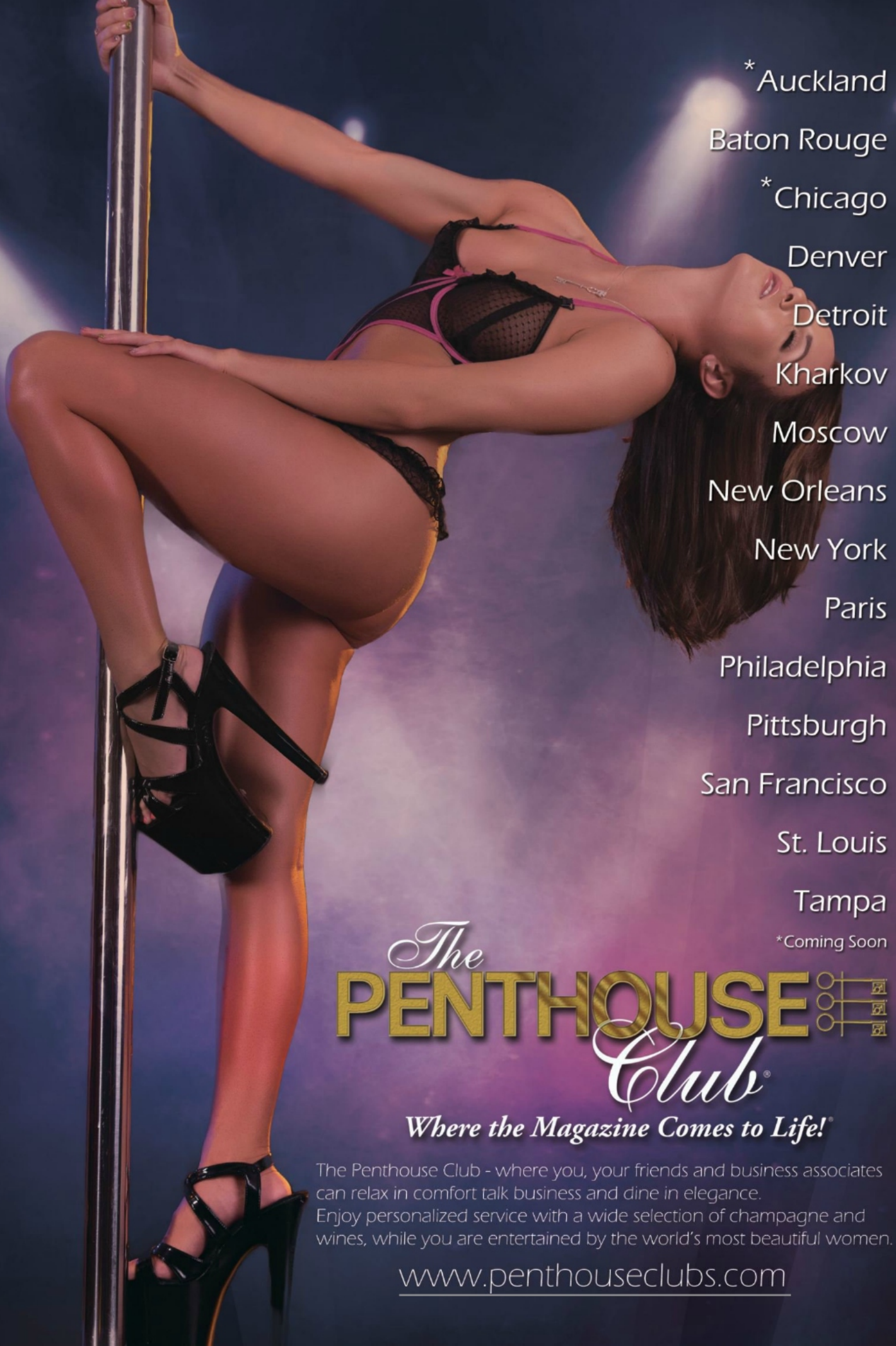
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Vogue Magazine



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MACHETE RIDES AGAIN

Danny Trejo and director Robert Rodriguez are back with *Machete Kills*, the second installment of their grindhouse-inspired franchise, also starring Carlos Estevez (aka Charlie Sheen), Michelle Rodriguez, and Sofía Vergara.



ILLUSTRATION BY REVEL-INK



Shuttle

In Alfonso Cuarón's *Gravity*, George Clooney and Sandra Bullock play astronauts batted



Machete Kills

Danny Trejo, Sofia Vergara, Carlos Estevez, Amber Heard

Damn right he does. The hulking Trejo returns as a plenty-pissed-off Mexican, hired to do an American president's dirty work in the second installment of Robert Rodriguez's grindhouse-homage franchise. The President is played by Estevez (aka Charlie Sheen), so we're assuming the job is filthy. Alas, Lindsay Lohan won't be back, clothed or otherwise, but curvy Heard makes for a nice trade-off—and it will be interesting to see what Rodriguez has found for crazies like Lady Gaga and Mel Gibson (as an arms dealer) to do. You may have to check your brain at the door, but this one is sure to dish up some sleazy fun.



12 Years a Slave

Chiwetel Ejiofor, Brad Pitt, Michael Fassbender

The sex-drenched *Shame* was an overlooked gem of 2011, loaded with sophistication, adult concerns, and a brilliant performance by Fassbender. That film's director, whose real name is Steve McQueen (he had to enter the movie business, right?), follows up his breakthrough with this serious-sounding tale. It stars the magnetic Ejiofor as a free black man who, in 1841, is kidnapped and sold into bondage. The rest of the cast is insanely strong—Benedict Cumberbatch, Alfre Woodard, and Paul Giamatti are also in it—but keep an eye on Quvenzhane Wallis, the little girl from *Beasts of the Southern Wild*, who'll prove if she's got the goods.

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF (GRAVITY) WARNER BROS. PICTURES; (MACHETE KILLS) RICO TORRES; (12 YEARS A SLAVE) FRANÇOIS DUHAMEL

Gravity**George Clooney, Sandra Bullock**

We've already been knocked out by the one-take trailer, in which an astronaut (Bullock) is sent spinning into the vast and silent realms of outer space. (If only that had happened before *Hope Floats*.) Overall, the buzz is deafening for this polished science-fact adventure, starring Clooney as a technician trying to ride home a damaged space shuttle. Purportedly, the movie is a return to the serious conceptual design of Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey*, a classic that simply can't be disliked. The director, Alfonso Cuarón, has been on the steady upswing since his 2001 smash *Y Tu Mamá También*—we also loved *Children of Men*, a somber bit of future shock that has more in common with this one. *Gravity* looks like an expensive summer blockbuster but feels like an Oscar picture, and that's the sweet spot.

cocked

about in space after their shuttle mission goes awry.



Jackass Presents: Bad Grandpa
Johnny Knoxville, Jackson Nicoll

Speaking of checking your brain at the door, the *Jackass* boys are back! These movies could keep on coming and we'd have no problem with it—and they've even changed up the formula, adding a loose storyline and some cringe-worthy role-modeling by Knoxville as the titular grandparent, under layers of makeup. Time will tell if the step toward Sacha Baron Cohen's structured territory works, but at least the daredevil franchise chose wisely: Knoxville's doddering old man was the right character to put front and center. More than a decade after the TV show's debut, these guys are improbably rolling on, having the last laugh.



All Is Lost
Robert Redford

It's been a while since Redford carried a film on his shoulders, and for this seafaring survival tale, he's got no one to play off of. His only costars are a broken boat, the choppy waves, and some terrible luck. Still, we're hearing the performance is a tour de force of worry and resolve, every line in Redford's weathered face speaking volumes where the spare dialogue does not. Simple Jack London-esque stories like this are something of a rare breed these days; writer/director J. C. Chandor deserves another peek after his confident feature debut, 2011's *Margin Call*. He's clearly got some spine to float this commercially risky boat. **A—**

Geriatric Jackass

We spoke with Johnny Knoxville about his star turn as eightysomething Irving Zisman in *Jackass Presents: Bad Grandpa*.

Johnny Knoxville still has his crazy hyena laugh—that cackle was always the most infectious part of *Jackass*—and his voice retains its Tennessee twang (his last name is borrowed from his hometown). But once we started a recent conversation with Knoxville, 42, we quickly realized he's a different man from the one who launched the notorious MTV show back in 2000 by testing Mace, a Taser, and a stun gun—on himself. Today's Knoxville is happy to discuss fatherhood anxieties, the finer points of his craft, and the many facets of Evel Knievel. Also, he thanked *Penthouse* for, in his words, getting him through “some very tough adolescent times.” We think we know what he means.

Here's a portion of our conversation, in advance of *Jackass Presents: Bad Grandpa*, which opens on October 25.

We worry about you, Johnny. It's been more than a decade of *Jackass*. How long can you keep up the self-abuse?

I don't know. I was too old when I started, so we're in golden times now.

Speaking of which, the new movie features you exclusively as your old-man character, Irving Zisman. It's got a real story, too, with a plot and everything. Were you guys trying to be more ambitious?

We weren't consciously thinking, *Okay, we've got to do something to change up the formula*. It's the toughest thing we've ever attempted: attaching a narrative to what we do. At root, this is a movie about a grandpa connecting with his grandson. That relationship is everything. And at the end of the day, it was working so well, we didn't shoot some of the stunts, because you just wanted to be with me and the boy.

Careful, you're starting to sound like a serious filmmaker.

Right? I would like to do more drama-

tic roles with the right directors. But with *Bad Grandpa*, I wasn't trying to prove a point and say, *Oh, I can do other things as well*. It was just what was needed for the story, and all very natural that way. We were just trying to be entertaining, nothing more.

Where'd you find the kid, Jackson Nicoll? He's terrific.

I was doing a movie in Cleveland called *Fun Size*. This little kid, Jackson, was seven at the time, and I was introduced to him and he just starts laying into me, immediately. I was only there a week, but the whole time, Jackson followed me around, verbally assaulting me.

Sounds like he's already a part of your crew.

[Laughs] I felt such a connection to this kid. I'm like: You're mean as *shit*. We have to use you for something. Now I say Jackson's mean—and he really is rambunctious—but he's also very sweet. He just knows that we respond to that type of energy. There's no fear in the kid. He was sent from heaven—or the other place—straight to us for this movie, because there's no situation in which he was placed where he was intimidated.

You have a three-year-old son now. Are you concerned about setting a bad example?

I'm very concerned about him. [Laughs] He's been to the emergency room a couple of times already.

Oh, no.

Yeah, black eye; busted chin. He's a real wild card and we try to keep him calm. He's got a very big personality and he's superexcitable.

He's his father's son.

Yes, and I don't want to encourage any stunt-y behavior. I'm not going to let him watch *Jackass* until he's very, very old.

When you're in some of the live situations in this movie, provoking civilians, it sounds like it can get pretty dangerous—that is, if you have humor-challenged bystanders.

I have to gauge how hot I get people, especially when a kid like Jackson's around. I have to be able to take them to the very edge of complete anger and/or confusion, but not let them go over it to the point where they actually do something violent. So it's constantly me working them up and down.

Not a lot of women on your crew, I've noticed.

We have had women in *Jackass* before: Bam Margera's mom is a woman—very much a woman, a wonderful woman! And we had Stephanie Hodge on the TV show. But she unfortunately got hurt [Hodge broke her spine during a stunt and was nearly paralyzed], so we didn't want to feel that way again, because she was like everyone's kid sister.

And what's the worst injury you've suffered personally?

Well, fuck. I dunno. Lots of concussions, breaks, and sprains. But the most mentally and psychologically damaging was when I broke my penis.

Oh, God. Do I even want to hear this?

You do. I was trying to do a backflip on a motorcycle and I don't know how to ride a motorcycle.



BY JOSHUA ROTHKOPF

So you start out slow, sure, with a backflip.

The motorcycle goes 20 feet up in the air and then turns into this 400-pound missile. It comes back down and breaks the handlebars off on my crotch. My feet were behind my ears when it hit me. I couldn't have been more spread-eagled. Every time my heart would beat, blood would squirt out my penis. I went to the medic on the set. I'm like, "Is this normal?" It was a torn urethra. I wore a catheter for three and a half years: Had to stick an 18-inch tube down my cock twice a day. It was about the size of a No. 2 pencil. But on the brighter side, I can now cram a nine-volt battery down there.

That's just an awful story. You know, this is our Down & Dirty issue, so I need to ask you what's the dirtiest Jackass stunt you've ever done?

We've got so many to choose from! Like, perverted dirty? We did the Sperm Olympics on the TV show, where we tried to see who had the highest sperm count. And let me tell you, it's very tough to try to give a sample inside a sperm bank with your bros outside the door giggling. And it's even tougher when you take in an *American Grizzly* magazine for inspiration. Do you know what *American Grizzly* is?


Um, isn't that for gay "bears"?

Yeah. It's like the alpha bears. If I had taken in *Penthouse*, I'd have won the speed competition hands down. I would have won it in 13 seconds. As it stands, I think I came in last.

Finish this sentence: Evel Knievel is ...

A childhood hero. I love Evel Knievel. He gave more than any stuntman should. But, you know, there are many sides of Evel, some I wasn't so crazy about. But I try to hold tight to how I felt about him as a kid—to the bright side of Evel. But he definitely had a darker side, which is a fuller picture of the man.

Last question: Your drink of choice?

Whatever's near. Anything that's too thin to eat. See, if I say "tequila," then whiskey will get its feelings hurt. And if I say "whiskey," then I've got to deal with tequila. And Scotch. They're all so goddamn sensitive. So let's just stick with my first answer. 



READS

ADULT CONTENT

The legendary Seka looks back on a groundbreaking life in the business, in *Inside Seka: The Platinum Princess of Porn*.

We'd be willing to bet a premium subscription to this magazine's hard-core website that you, gentle reader, need no introduction to Seka. One of the most iconic XXX performers of all time, she struck a singular presence with her platinum-blond hair, two-syllable moniker, and "all-in" performances. As she writes in her new memoir, *Inside Seka: The Platinum Princess of Porn*, "I made it look real because, for me, it was real. I got into it."

We spoke to the retired legend recently about her early family life—her mother flew the coop when Seka was eight—her career milestones, Ron Jeremy's unique talents, and her beloved Chicago Cubs.



Despite some rough patches in your childhood, you've always been pretty self-possessed. You've never been coerced into doing anything, and you even went to Capitol Hill in the eighties and called Attorney General Edwin Meese "Eddie."

Where does that quality come from?
[Laughs] I sure did. I don't know where it comes from. I've always been a pretty self-assured person and stood up for myself because I guess I had to. I think it's a survival instinct, and when you stand up for yourself all of your life, it just becomes part of your nature.

Did your mom ever reappear in your life?

Yes, she did. I bought her a home in Florida. She was my mother; I loved her, but it doesn't mean that I like what she did.

What do you think of the business now, with the rise of the internet?

I think the internet has helped quite a bit, and I think it has hurt quite a bit, too, because there's a lot of stuff out there that people don't have to pay for. I don't think that helps our business. And you have a lot of amateur people that put stuff up for free, and that hurts us.

Are there any performers who stand

out to you now?

The last performer who really stood out to me was Jenna Jameson.

How much do you think your name—just the one word, Seka—helped establish your brand?

I think it's helped tremendously. After I chose that name, I read that names with a "k" sound in them were catcher, that they stuck in people's minds more, which was not something I knew at the time.

It was a very spur-of-the-moment decision to call yourself that.

That was the name that came to mind when they asked me if I wanted to use my real name or something else. I used to know a person by that name; she was a beautiful girl from Sweden. And I just said, "I don't know, use the name 'Seka.'"

A similar thing happened with your signature platinum-blond look—you kind of came upon that by accident, too.

Yes, that was a mistake with coloring my hair.

That's two pretty happy accidents for you.

Maybe it was fate in the process of working.

You mention in the book that you never slept with anyone you didn't want to. How rare was that in your day?

I don't think any of us in my day slept with people we didn't like. Because there weren't that many of us around and we were all friends.

John Holmes said that you were his favorite costar. Who was your favorite costar?

John was one of my favorite costars. Also Randy West, Jamie Gillis, and Mike Ranger.

What qualities make a good lover?

Are you talking about in the business or out of the business, or both?

Both.

Knowing what you're doing, for one thing [laughs]. But ... having a sense of humor, being in touch with the other person, engaging with that person, whether it's unspoken or spoken. Just being able to communicate with the other person.

In one photo caption in the book you call Paul Reubens, aka Pee-wee Herman, the greatest lover you ever

had. Was that tongue-in-cheek, or was that for real?

No, that was tongue-in-cheek.

I thought Pee-wee was going to get some props there.

Well, I absolutely adore Pee-wee.

He's a really nice—Paul Reubens is a really *nice* human being. He's a very sweet individual.

A talented, funny guy, too.

Yes, he is.

Speaking of talented and funny, there's a scene in the book where you meet Ron Jeremy for the first time. Can you tell our readers about what happened?

[Laughs] That was in the movie *Inside Seka*—and I was doing an oral scene with, I think, three other guys. Ron wanted to join in, and I just looked at him and said, "Go blow yourself." And he did. So I made them cut the action that we were doing, because I just wanted to see somebody be able to do that. And he did. Now *there's* a talented man.

Music comes up a lot in the book. What have you been listening to lately?

My favorite world rock 'n' roll band is the Rolling Stones. Favorite U.S. band is Aerosmith. I also like Bruce Springsteen. I just love really good rock 'n' roll. I like jazz, like Michael Bublé. And some country.

You met Ronnie Wood at a Stones concert in Chicago once. How did that come about?

We were backstage where they always had food and games, and it was a beautiful summer evening. Ronnie Wood's wife at the time came up to me and said, "Ronnie just loves you

to pieces, and I've never been able to see him speechless about anything. Would you walk up and say hello and give him a kiss on the cheek?" I said, "Sure." So I did, and he was speechless, and his wife was pleased.

You spent much of your life in Chicago, and you're a big baseball fan. So ... Cubs or White Sox?

I'm a Cubs fan, absolutely! I will always be a Cubs fan.

That is a tough lot in life, to always be a Cubs fan.

I'm also a Cardinals fan, so ...

Oh, okay. They win pretty regularly so ... you've got that going. But are we going to see a Cubs World Series in our lifetime?

Well, I don't know how old you are, but probably not in my lifetime.

[Laughs] That's spoken like a true Cubs fan.

[Laughs] You gotta love 'em. When I lived in Chicago I was a North Side girl; I could walk to the ballpark.

Then you'll appreciate this—I know a guy who named his kid Waveland. Really?


Is that a curse, or what?

No, I don't think so.

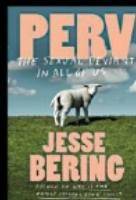
Maybe it's optimistic.

Well, if you're going to be a Cubs fan, you have to be optimistic.

You once inadvertently gave Maurice White of Earth, Wind & Fire what he called the nicest compliment he's ever heard. What's the nicest compliment you've ever received?

"Will you marry me?" From my husband of today. 

Just in Time for the Down & Dirty Issue: Scientific Evidence that Everyone Has a Dirty Mind

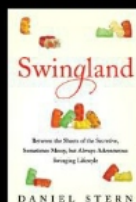


You know that thing that turned you on when you were a kid (or last week) that you wouldn't necessarily want posted on your Facebook feed? (And we're not just asking this question of the Marcus Bachmanns of the world.) Well, chances are you needn't sweat it; you're not alone in having a little bit more kink in your sexual makeup than you might let on. Or so says Jesse Bering,

PhD and frequent contributor to *Scientific American*, in *Perv: The Sexual Deviant in All of Us*, his exploration of sexuality's, um, gray areas. Delineating a multitude of fetishes, or "paraphilias," in existence, Bering says it's time to cast off false categories such as "natural" or "unnatural," and "normal" or "abnormal," and focus instead on what's harmful or not harmful. While acknowledging the subjectivity involved in making that determination, Bering argues that it's a necessary step toward charting a more accurate map of the moral boundaries of sexuality.

Swinging Excerpt of the Month...

From *Swingland: Between the Sheets of the Secretive, Sometimes Messy, but Always Adventurous Swinging Lifestyle* By Daniel Stern




Stern's droll, comprehensive book is part how-to manual, part memoir of a swinging lifestyle. In this excerpt, he recounts one of his more successful experiences (following several stumbles) with group sex. After rolling up to a generic suburban home, he rings the doorbell and his hostess opens the door.

"In black nylons, heels, and a bustier one deep breath from exploding, Sarah belonged on the fuselage of a World War I bomber. Along with her red lips, talcum powder skin, and Bettie Page bangs.

"How's about the tour, sweetie?" [He gets the full tour, and an intensive vetting from fellow guest 'Bob'—a hulking giant of a man who likes to 'watch'—then Stern ends up in the sack with Bob's wife, Bob taking a ringside seat.]

"Did I choose well, honey?" Bob asked his wife, his honey. Sierra was her name, a fact I'd learned moments before the three of us commandeered one of the private rooms.

"I was staving off Bob's gravitational pull with only a mattress spring burrowing into my knee. I hoped I wouldn't sever anything important, as I knew from experience that nothing put a damper on a night of erotic revelry like a little medical emergency ... Bob mimed for me to spank Sierra. I did, but she didn't so much as acknowledge my act ... Bob mimed for me to do it harder. I unleashed a firm, authoritative spank and Sierra let out a long, guttural moan and began bucking against me.

"I felt her ramp up to orgasm. She had a viselike grip that pulled me with her like a runaway train tows a flailing caboose. I controlled my stamina long enough for Sierra to reach a mighty climax, after which Bob flashed me a thumbs-up." 



Inside Seka: The Platinum Princess of Porn
By Seka, with Kerry Zukus

Seka's life story may not be Norman Rockwell's idea of the American Dream, but it certainly is one version of that cherished mythos. Born Dorothea Patton to a working-class family in Radford, Virginia, she endured some tough stretches in her childhood, including being deserted by her mother at age eight, and a five-year stint in a children's home, where she contracted spinal meningitis and had to undergo three spinal taps. In her engaging memoir, she charts her journey from those humble beginnings to Miss Hopewell (Virginia) High School of 1971 to star of *Ultra Flesh* and *Inside Seka*—among some 200 hard-core titles—and a level of fame that transcended the industry. She details her first marriage (at age 18, still a virgin), her stint running a string of adult bookstores, her start in the industry, and tête-à-têtes with celebrities, including Matt Dillon, Dolph Lundgren, and the late Sam Kinison, with whom she had a drug-fueled romance in 1986. Her resilience and self-assurance are front-and-center throughout.



Assassin's Creed IV: Black Flag



UBISOFT (XBOX ONE, XBOX 360, PS4, PS3, Wii U, PC)

Yo-ho, yo-ho, it's a pirate's life for thee in this buccaneering adventure set during the golden age of buckled swashes and shivered timbers (aka the early 1700s). You play British privateer and silent assassin Edward Kenway as you prowl the Caribbean for Spanish galleons and French frigates in your square-rigged warship, the *Jackdaw*. Assassination missions give the game structure and push along the plot, but otherwise you're free to wander the open sea and pull into seedy ports across Cuba and the Bahamas. Master seamanship in tropical storms that sink lesser captains (hint: Lure enemy vessels into waterspouts and watch them founder) while engaging in side activities from whaling to rescuing marooned sailors. Drop anchor to explore Mayan ruins and scour deserted beaches for buried treasure. Indulge in a nice rum punch while you play to complete the experience.

Although assassination missions begin on dry land, the action transi-

tions seamlessly between stealthy jungle pursuits and naval chases as soon as you climb aboard the *Jackdaw* (to the rousing cheers of your crew of scalawags). In many ways, your ship is the game's second character. Buried chests contain blueprints that let you upgrade the *Jackdaw* with new weaponry and sails, provided you have the money. Scan the horizon for merchant vessels laden with rum, wood, and other cargo—your currency in the Caribbean. Sinking a ship from afar is fun, but you're better off boarding it to recruit crew and add the vessel to your fleet. And it wouldn't be an *Assassin's Creed* game without historic cameos, so expect to sing shanties and guzzle rum with the likes of Edward "Blackbeard" Teach, Anne Bony, "Calico" Jack Rackham, and other famous freebooters.

**F1 2013****CODEMASTERS (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)**

Formula 1 racing might seem like a sport for the snooty rich, but as a game it makes for a more white-knuckle experience than the perpetual left turns of NASCAR. This latest entry in the best-selling *F1* series delivers all the circuits, official cars, and F1 rocket jockeys (from Lewis Hamilton to Sergio Perez) from the 2013 season, with updated handling to reflect the latest advances in Formula 1 tech. Create your own driver and race an entire career, advancing through the league and paying your dues, or just hop into split-screen or online multiplayer races for a quick burst of inches-from-the-asphalt adrenaline.

**CALL OF DUTY: GHOSTS****ACTIVISION (XBOX ONE, XBOX 360, PS4, PS3, Wii U, PC)**

America is on the ropes in this year's chapter of gaming's biggest franchise, set in a grim future after a war with a South American "Federation" has knocked the U.S.A. from the world stage. It's up to a group of straggler special-forces operatives known as the Ghosts to defend our sovereign soil while taking the fight back to the Federation forces. Missions follow a narrow path through canned action sequences in set-piece environments across war-ravaged North America and the globe (even underwater). Accompanying you in no-man's-land is man's best friend—a combat dog named Riley that will scout ahead and pounce on evildoers. The game's makers claim the plot will pack an emotional punch, so [spoiler alert] brace yourself for the possibility of an *Old Yeller*-inspired finale.

**TEARAWAY****SONY (PS VITA)**

Each of the PS Vita's nifty features—largely ignored since the system's launch last year—sees heavy use in this adventure set in a psychedelic paper-craft dimension. You control an anthropomorphic letter on a quest to get its message read in the real world, which you'll glimpse occasionally as video captured by the system's camera through rips in the paper environment. Jab your fingers into the rear touchpad to poke them through the game's floor to manipulate obstacles. Swipe the front touch screen to craft crowns and other accessories for oddball characters you meet. Supply your own rolling papers to make this paper-craft adventure even more trippy.

**FINAL FANTASY XIV: A REALM REBORN****SQUARE ENIX (PS3, PC)**

You might think of the *Final Fantasy* games as hard-core role-playing epics from the Super Nintendo days, or as more modern adventures featuring pretty-boy heroes. This installment is neither. It's a massively multiplayer roleplaying game set in a sprawling persistent world shared by players of both the PlayStation 3 and PC versions. Think of it as *World of Warcraft* with a Japanese aesthetic. Players choose a race, class, and specialty, such as magic, physical combat, crafting, or foraging from the land. Party up with other players to battle giant beasts and complete quests. And unlike in the more recent *Final Fantasies*, all the male characters look manlier than Meg Ryan in her prime. **A+**



HOT FUZZ

For his latest project, garage-rocker Ty Segall plays drums in a Black Sabbath-influenced power trio.



Fuzz
Fuzz
Merge Records
★★★ 1/2

A good part of the appeal of garage-rocker Ty Segall's many (many) projects lies in the sheer unbridled enthusiasm he brings to each one. The 26-year-old Californian lives to make music, and it shows, perhaps never more so than on his latest effort, *Fuzz*, wherein he takes a seat behind the drum kit, his pals Charlie Moothart (guitar) and Roland Cosio (bass) set the effects pedals to "liquefy," and they power(-trio) their way through a highly enjoyable, eight-song set inspired by the ghosts of Black Sabbath, Blue Cheer, and Jimi Hendrix—updated with punk-rock energy and concision. There are psychedelic touches ("What's in My Head," "Hazemaze") and brief, jammy interludes, but the proto-metal fuzzbombs are never far away, and frequently kick into overdrive ("Preacher," "One"). This is good, clean fuzz—er, fun.



Red Fang
Whales and Leeches
Relapse Records
★★ 1/2

The guys in this hard-rock quartet from Portland, Oregon, seem like they'd be a blast to have a beer (or six) with. Check out their videos for "Wires" and "Hank Is Dead," from their boss 2011 album *Murder the Mountains*, and you'll get the idea. They also delivered the rawk on that album. On this, their third studio effort, they're shooting about 50 percent in that department. For every swaggeringly effective riff like the ones in "Dawn Rising" or "Every Little Twist," there's a plodding one with a generic melody (see: "Voices of the Dead," "Crows in Swine"). Additionally, bassist Aaron Beam's vocals are unexpectedly plain this time out. When guitarist Bryan Giles takes the mike, the results are more compelling. But the middle-of-the-road material here tends to blot out the stuff that would have you coming back for repeat listens.



Parquet Courts
Tally All the Things That You Broke (EP)
What's Your Rupture?

★★★
Parquet Courts' January 2013 album *Light Up Gold* is sure to land on numerous year-end best-of lists, but the Brooklyn-based post-punkers are not resting on their critical laurels; they're bookending the year with this excellently titled EP that maps new terrain. To their signature snappy riffs, taut rhythms, and clever lyrics, they've added Flutophone and, on the nearly eight-minute-long closer, "He's Seen 'Paths,'" various electronic bleeps and squibs. The biggest departure on the record, "Paths" is a ramshackle rap that features the recurring trill of an electronic doorbell while sketching a day in the life of a weed-delivery guy ("He's got a Metro PCS and a bike and an alibi"). Echoing Beck and the Clash's "The Magnificent Seven," the track is a kind of epic prequel to *Light Up Gold*'s standout single, "Stoned and Starving."



Dale Earnhardt Jr. Jr.
The Speed of Things
Warner Bros.

★★
You could be excused for thinking Dale Earnhardt Jr. Jr. is a slightly wiseass alt-country outfit—as their name strongly suggests. What they are, in fact, is an electronic-pop duo, yet they actually have more in common with their NASCAR namesake than meets the eye: Like the second-generation race-car driver, they're in the big leagues (Warner Bros.), and they're popular (they sell out midsize venues). Also like the driver, who has won exactly one race in the past five seasons, they don't necessarily get the job done. "If You Didn't See Me (Then You Weren't on the Dancefloor)" promises but fails to deliver danceableness, while the hand claps and piano notes on "Beautiful Dream (Reprise)" evoke only the "being asleep" part of dreaming, and "Gloria" unspools tepid lines of regret over a hook-free bed of tinkling electronica. It's a pretty pale cup of tea.

ROCK JOCKS

Parquet Courts and Dale Earnhardt Jr. Jr. got us thinking about musical acts with more than a passing connection to sports.



Artist: Pearl Jam

Years active: 1990—

Crossover move: The band's original moniker was Mookie Blaylock, the name of a middling NBA guard especially admired by bassist Jeff Ament. They titled their first album, *Ten*, in homage to the player's uniform number.

Box score: Vocalist Eddie Vedder grew up in Chicago and remains a big fan of the city's teams. He sang the National Anthem and "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" at Wrigley Field, and invited Cubs legend Ernie Banks onstage during a 2013 show in Chicago.



Artist: Red Hot Chili Peppers

Years active: 1983—

Crossover move: Bassist Flea and singer Anthony Kiedis are huge L.A. Lakers fans, and the band recorded "Magic Johnson," an ode to the legendary Lakers point guard, for their 1989 album *Mother's Milk*.

Box score: Flea used to blog about the Lakers on NBA.com, and the band also recorded a song called "Salute to Kareem" (about former L.A. center Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, obviously) for the *Mother's Milk* sessions, but it never made the album.



Artist: Alice Cooper

Years active: 1963—

Crossover move: The man born Vincent Furnier is an avid golfer who credits the game with helping him get off booze. A two-handicap, Cooper regularly turns up at pro-am events, and once shot a two-over-par 74 on the PGA National Champion Course in Palm Beach Gardens, Florida.

Box score: Cooper, who titled his 2007 autobiography *Alice Cooper, Golf Monster*, is also a baseball fan. He owns a restaurant in Phoenix called Alice Cooperstown (see what he did there?), and was once a minority owner of the Arizona Diamondbacks.



Artist: Master P

Years active: 1990—

Crossover move: Born Percy Miller, the rapper/entrepreneur played basketball at the University of Houston, and had a cup of coffee with the Charlotte Hornets in 1998–99 and the Toronto Raptors in '99. He also played for the CBA's Fort Wayne Fury.

Box score: Miller also had a brief, not-so-successful stint as a sports agent, representing running back Ricky Williams after the player was drafted by the New Orleans Saints.



Artist: Grateful Dead

Years active: 1965–95

Crossover move: Jerry Garcia, Bob Weir, and company sponsored the Lithuanian national basketball team at the 1992 and '96 Olympics, throwing in cash and tie-dyed warm-up gear (featuring a skeleton throwing down a dunk) to help the newly independent nation realize its dream.

Box score: Led by Golden State Warriors guard Sarunas Marciulionis (hence the connection with the Dead, who were headquartered in the Bay Area), Lithuania won the bronze medal at the Barcelona Games.

SOUND AND VISION

Great movie scores by pop artists



Film, artist: Heavy, Thurston Moore

Mood: Somber, restrained, occasionally seething.



Film, artist: Ghost Dog, RZA

Mood: Brash, funky, with Asian touches.



Film, artist: The Social Network, Trent Reznor

Mood: Dark, atmospheric, with a tense undercurrent.



Film, artist: Hanna, the Chemical Brothers

Mood: Innocent and sinister, "bold and brooding," as one critic said.



Film, artist: Friday Night Lights, Explosions in the Sky

Mood: Swelling, subsiding, joyful, downcast.

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Name	Month
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<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>
<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>
<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>

Signature _____

Mrs. Mr. Ms. _____

Name (Please Print Clearly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

E-Mail (Optional) _____

01-13465-001-E49301

Surf's Up, **Italian**

California is a state of riding.
By Bill Heald

Style



Moto Guzzi's relationship to the United States motorcycle market has been an intriguing one, for one of its biggest customers back in the seventies was law enforcement. These big, easy-handling bikes gained favor with police departments across the country when the Moto Guzzi V7 Police won the selection to enter the Los Angeles Police Department fleet. For the first time, a foreign bike won a contract in America to supply motor fleets, beating out—in addition to the American manufacturer—the best English competition. Other Moto Guzzis found homes as race-bike and sport-bike aficionados embraced the unique, transverse-mounted, air-cooled V-twin engines with their signature shaft final drive. The upright

riding stance and generous cargo capacity that were ideal for police bikes also were appreciated by the touring set, and in 1971, the company created the California—the first “custom” version of the V.

Now that 2014 is staring us in the face, Guzzi has managed to build on its mechanical heritage by adopting extensive engineering improvements while maintaining the upright ergonomics and launching a new California 1400 nameplate. There are two models, Custom and Touring, both with a new, massive 1,380-cc engine. This version of the V-twin is Europe's largest, and the 90-degree V is still mounted across the frame with those huge cylinders out in the breeze where you can even hear the valve tappets doing their work. Despite its size and proximity, the big twin won't shake your fillings loose, thanks to an elastic-kinematic vibration-control system. This is impressive, because sheer displacement and the latest multimode, ride-by-wire fuel-injection mapping ensure these are seriously powerful machines. The Custom is the more minimalist of the two models (and heartily endorsed by young Obi-Wan Kenobi himself, actor Ewan McGregor), but we went for the Touring version as it is equipped out of the box to cover vast distances.

Even though this loaded, long-wheelbase machine, with standard cruise control, can live on the interstate, it's still capable of carving up curvy secondary roads with ease. Credit light steering, a big, broad handlebar, and excellent management of its considerable mass for its agility. In addition to excellent ABS brakes, there's programmable traction control to help keep the Hulk-smashing low-end torque from overcooking the

200-series rear tire. This is a fun bike to hustle around on, and even five-foot-eight-inch riders can easily see over the big windshield, which offers excellent weather protection. Two 35-liter lockable rear panniers give you cargo capacity, and the unique complex-surface headlight assembly has a poly-elliptical main light along with daylight running lights to give the Giant Goose (a term of Guzzi endearment) a very singular visual signature. This is a motorcycle company that has built truly unique rides, and it continues to find ways to keep its lineage intact while improving the breed. Moto Guzzi's sound, feel, and look like nothing else on two wheels, and are a supremely rewarding way to enjoy the open road. This drives home why motorcycles are so special, and why certain ones are so addictive. 

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Air- and oil-cooled 90-degree V-twin
Bore x stroke	104mm x 81.2mm
Displacement	1,380 cc
Fuel system	Magneti Marelli multipoint fuel injection
Ignition	Integrated engine management
Transmission	Six speed
Front suspension	46mm conventional forks
Rear suspension	Dual shocks, preload adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 320mm Brembo discs, ABS
Rear brake	Single 282mm Brembo fixed-disc, ABS
Front tire	130/70 R18
Rear tire	200/60 R16
Fuel tank	5.4-gallon capacity
Wheelbase	66 inches
Seat height	29 inches
Wet weight	742 pounds
Base price	\$17,990







SYNERGY WITH **STYLE**

Acura's RLX
steers into
the future.
By Bill Heald





SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	Four-door sedan
Engine	3.5-liter V-6
Power	310 horsepower
Torque	272 foot-pounds
Transmission	Six-speed automatic
Front tires	245/40 R19
Rear tires	245/40 R19
Curb weight	3,997 pounds

PERFORMANCE

0-60	5.98 seconds
Top speed	130.5 mph (electronically limited)
Fuel	18.5 gallons
EPA mpg	20 city/31 highway
Base price	Base: \$60,450; as equipped: \$61,345

We live in an age when the microchip is sneaking into just about everything we operate, and nowhere has this invasion been more extensive than in the world of high-end sport sedans. It is in these seductive cars that a lot of now-commonplace features (like ABS brakes and stability control) first appeared, and nameplates like Honda's premium Acura brand have always been flagships bearing the latest technological advancements. While plenty of other manufacturers have been grabbing the spotlight with numerous computer-driven gadgets that are revolutionizing the upscale market, Acura has been busy developing and refining its own electronic advancements with the goal to make this new magic seamlessly integrate into a polished, comfortable, and athletic sedan. The result is the RLX, and what makes this car unique is not just the lengthy list of features, but how Acura does technology in such a seamless fashion. This sedan isn't the fastest off the line or the quickest down a mountain road, but from the striking Jewel Eye LED headlights to the Precision All-Wheel Steering, this is a machine that goes its own way—surrounding the driver with tools found nowhere else on the road. Acura likes to call the relationship “the synergy between man and machine,” in an effort to expand the advantages of extensive electronic interaction into what used to be a purely mechanical relationship.

The RLX is the most powerful, spacious, and technologically advanced sedan Acura has ever produced, and it has a longer wheelbase than most competitors in the class, giving it a healthy dose of both enhanced passenger space and comfort. Also healthy is the thrust that comes from a 310-horsepower, 3.5-liter V-6, which is the company's first direct-injection mill. The V-6 also features Earth Dreams Technology, which, according to Acura, is characterized by “a next-generation set of technological advancements to the engine, which greatly enhance both driving performance and fuel efficiency.” The front-drive Advance version we sampled (an AWD version is also available) did

smooth, dreamy things when we stepped on the gas, with brisk shifting from the six-speed automatic and bold (yet urbane) exhaust music.

Our RLX came with standard Precision All-Wheel Steering, where in addition to the front wheels moving when you steer, the back wheels change angle as well—thanks to electric motors—to enhance cornering response. To be honest, the addition of the rear wheels in the steering process is hard to notice, other than when it results in unusually stable handling and ultra-quick lane transitions. Numerous other driver-assistance systems are also onboard, including Agile Handling Assist (which uses selective wheel braking to maintain your line through a curve), Lane Keeping Assist, Adaptive Cruise Control (which can handle stop-and-go traffic), and a multi-angle rearview camera. All this silicon-overlord stuff is there when you need it, but never intrudes on your driving experience, a sign of how delicate the process of electronic-aid integration (as opposed to intrusion) is on such a balanced car. Acura clearly believes that the RLX needs to feel familiar to emphasize that you're still in charge, especially when driving at the limit.

This is what adopting intelligent technology into complex machines like cars is all about, and it's something Acura does masterfully. The interior of the RLX uses a broad mix of materials, and the instrument displays retain classic analog dials while also sporting two central LED screens, with the lower unit being a seven-inch multiuse display with touch and voice interaction, and the eight-inch upper screen primarily used for navigation and information display. The latest AccuLink telematics interfaces with your web-enabled devices to contribute things like real-time traffic updates into the system, and audiophiles will love the Krell 14-speaker sound system.

All this is found in a machine that has excellent creature comforts, first-class cabin appointments, and a quiet, controlled ride. The computer magic is cool, but it's great that it stays out of the way unless called to action, so the joy of driving remains blissfully intact. **+**





I have a fuck-buddy relationship with a woman I've known for a while, and she's absolutely amazing in bed, totally hot and uninhibited. We don't usually discuss anything about our activities with other partners, other than assuring each other we keep things as safe as possible. One night recently we were doing shots, and once she was tipsy she mentioned a casual but steamy encounter with a guy at work. Listening to her talk about blowing another guy got my dick harder than ever, and I told her as much.

A few days later, I'm having dinner with some friends and she texts me a picture of herself sucking off some dude with the words, "Does this get you hot?" I didn't answer, because it's one thing to hear about her sexual encounters, but seeing photographic proof just pissed me off. She's done it a few more times since, and I've avoided talking about the situation. How do I tell her the photos are taking things too far?

She not only fucks your brains out when she sees you, but in the middle of taking another dude into her mouth, she's thinking about *your* sexual desires. Wow. I'm so selfish I barely care about pleasing the woman in the same room as me.

You've got two options. I'm going to call them "tell" and "show."

Tell her the pictures need to stop. She's sending the voyeur shots to get you revved up. Her original story stood your dick upright, so she probably thinks seeing her taking it from another dude will give you a permanent hard-on for her. She won't know the truth unless you spill your guts.

The other option is to show her how it feels to be on the receiving end of the fuck photos. Find the hottest screws in your black book and set up some sessions. Take photos. Send the shots all at the same time, making it look as if some insane orgy was happening while she was shopping at Target. Better yet, wait until you know that checking her phone to find you balls-deep in some other slit will ruin her current situation: dinner with her family, a church function, her swearing in to the Supreme Court. Make sure to include, "Does this get you hot?"

If she says yes, it does get her hot, you'll have to start documenting all your other escapades and just live with the fact that every once in a while, photos of her getting fucked are going to mix in with your incoming texts about fantasy-football drafts and holiday wishes from Aunt Lola. If she says no, tell her she can keep taking her photos as long as she follows these new rules:

Rule No. 1: The Scoundrel receives all photos.

Rule No. 2: That's it. There are no other rules. Keep me posted. ☯

DIRTY PICTURES

Our twenty-first-century rogue has a plan for dealing with a girl who's into sharing photos of herself having sex with other guys.

Illustration by Celia Calle

Limited Mintage Striking...

WORLD'S FIRST

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PRIVATE DICKS

Are you sure you're ready to hit SEND? One woman's thoughts on why you may not want to text that dick shot.

By Rachel Khona

WHY, HELLO THERE, PENIS!



WOMEN DO NOT LIKE TO RECEIVE PHOTOS OF PENISES THEY NEVER REQUESTED. IT'S LIKE VIRTUAL FLASHING; THE UNSOLICITED PHOTO OFFERS ROOM FOR LAUGHTER.

That was my first reaction to the penis on my phone. My boyfriend at the time—we'll call him Ryan—had texted me a picture of his rather large member. We were dating long-distance, and he had somehow gotten the idea that sending a picture of his giganto schlong would keep things hot while we were miles apart. In the absence of his physical presence, he surmised, I would find pleasure in a picture of his dick. I did not.

On my phone, in the cold, sober light of day, it looked kind of purplish and weird, like some sort of demented, amputated arm. Don't get me wrong—I loved his penis. It hit the spot every time, and more often than not, it was a source of great delight. But I didn't want a picture of it on my phone. It didn't turn me on, and I certainly didn't ask for it. No, instead, it just popped up while I was sitting at my desk in the office, in plain view of anyone who might pass by.

The photo itself was badly lit, and it looked like something I might have seen in my college human-sexuality class. I wondered if Terry Richardson had shot said appendage, would it have been more alluring? Sexier? If I were to send a pic of my boobs to someone, I imagine I would at least have the decency to set the scene.

Did he think I was going to suddenly be quivering with excitement, ready to run to the nearest bathroom to rub one out? I was befuddled. But then again, I've also had men offer to:

- Take me to Whole Foods (yes, the grocery store) on a first date.
- Tell me I wasn't funny or smiley enough (I beg to differ), but that I should go out with them again.
- Bring their friends on a date.

In other words, men aren't always the slickest when it comes to picking up or impressing the ladies. In fact, when I first met Ryan, he embarrassed himself by trying to wow me with his knowledge of Mexican culture. The problem is, I'm Indian. Sweet of him to want to impress me? Yes. Wholly stupid for assuming I'm a totally different race? Also yes.

The problem is, by and large, penises by themselves are not attractive to most women. They are purely functional, designed to get the deed done. They are not meant to be admired and adored like breasts are. Everyone likes to look at boobs.

Boobs are cute and fun, like pillows. Penises, however, are inherently sort of funny-looking. Just imagine what Mardi Gras would be like if people went around flashing penises instead of tits. The very same act of flashing would take on an air of indecency.

But some men surmise that just because they like a little visual stimulation, the object of their affection probably would, too. This type of thinking works great with gay couples—I've never met a gay man who didn't like a good penis pic—but for women, not so much. If Ryan really wanted to turn me on, he would have told me what he was going to do to me when we saw each other next. A penis is only really truly exciting in the heat of the moment. The *idea* of Ryan was sexy because of how much chemistry we had in bed, his razor-sharp intelligence, and the way he made me laugh. Since women are sexually stimulated by the whole man (the abs, the arms, intelligence, humor, the things you do for her, etc.), one part by itself isn't necessarily going to get her going. For women, that's like sending a photo of raw beef and expecting her to be salivating for a steak dinner. Perhaps this is why there are very few magazines for straight women dedicated to naked men, yet a plethora of men's mags feature naked women. Women, in general, do not get turned-on in the same ways that men do.

But at least Ryan and I were dating. Some guys tend to think it's okay to just randomly send penis pictures to any woman they're trying to pick up. But as Brett Favre and the appropriately named Congressman Weiner so eloquently showed us, that's not the case. Women do not like to receive photos of penises they never requested. It's like virtual flashing, except, instead of instilling the viewer with a sense of awe, the unsolicited photo offers room for laughter.

When my friend received a surprise dick pic from a guy she was dating (but hadn't slept with yet), the first thing she did was recoil in horror. Not because it was a penis, but because it was skinny and small. It looked, in her words, "like a miniature-golf pencil." Unsure why he would boast about such an unimpressive member, she forwarded the offending image to all her friends. Boys, if you insist on sending women penis pics, make sure your junk is up to snuff and that


The author re-creates her reaction to an unsolicited dick pic.



she wants to see it.

To be fair, there are some women who do like to receive a nice dick pic, but not necessarily because they find it a turn-on. My slightly insane friend Selena, for example, loves to receive penis pics, but only after she asks for them. However, it's not because she goes home and masturbates to them, or even that they turn her on. She simply wants to know what she's working with before she gets down and dirty. Not only size-wise (she's a size queen), but aesthetically speaking. She likes to make sure the penis is even-colored and a nice medium shade—too dark or too light and she's done. Very practical, but not so sexy.

Modern technology has opened up the ways in which we flirt, but it's a double-edged sword. Should you choose to use it carelessly, like Favre or Weiner, you may find yourself the subject of mockery and ridicule. Use it wisely and she may be all yours.

The moral of the story? When in doubt, keep it in your pants. 

A SECOND OPINION

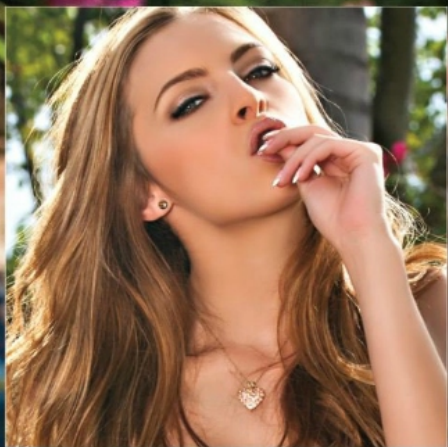
Not surprisingly, we were able to find a fan of dick pics right here at *Penthouse*.

By Martha Duke

I heart dick pics, but there are a few general rules men should follow:

1. Have something else in the picture for scale, i.e., a remote (if you're lucky) or your hand.
2. Make sure the background is not the same color as your dick.
3. Get yourself fully erect, please. Girls don't want to see a softy.
4. Be sure your cat or dog hasn't wandered into the picture.
5. Realize the photo will be shared with at least two of her girlfriends (in my case, six).
6. If you get a request for a photo, she's probably out with her friends. Women are not above having a contest to see who can be the first one to get a dick pic.
7. Most important, if you've never had a date or had sex with her, assume she could do without a photo.

By the way, I have examples of these faux pas saved on my phone. Yes, I am that girl.



au naturel

One of the few things that can be counted on to improve a beautiful afternoon outdoors is a scantily clad, sexy girl. Sure enough, 34C-25-35, 20-year-old Kennedy Nash has turned this landscape into her own personal Garden of Eden. We'll take a bite out of her juicy apple any time.

Photographs by W. Lawrence Stevens









"I love working full-time as a model because I like getting hot, wet, and turned-on. Doing all that for the cameras really gets me going!"



"The hottest movie sex scene is the two girls in *Mulholland Drive*. I fantasize about that all the time. And if I could relive any moment in my life, it would be my first time with a girl."





"What do I do in my spare time?
What's spare time? Seriously, I just
like to surf ... the ocean and the web."





"My favorite place to vacation is Las Vegas. The party
never ends there, and I definitely like to party."

SEE MORE OF KENNEDY AT PENTHOUSE.COM.



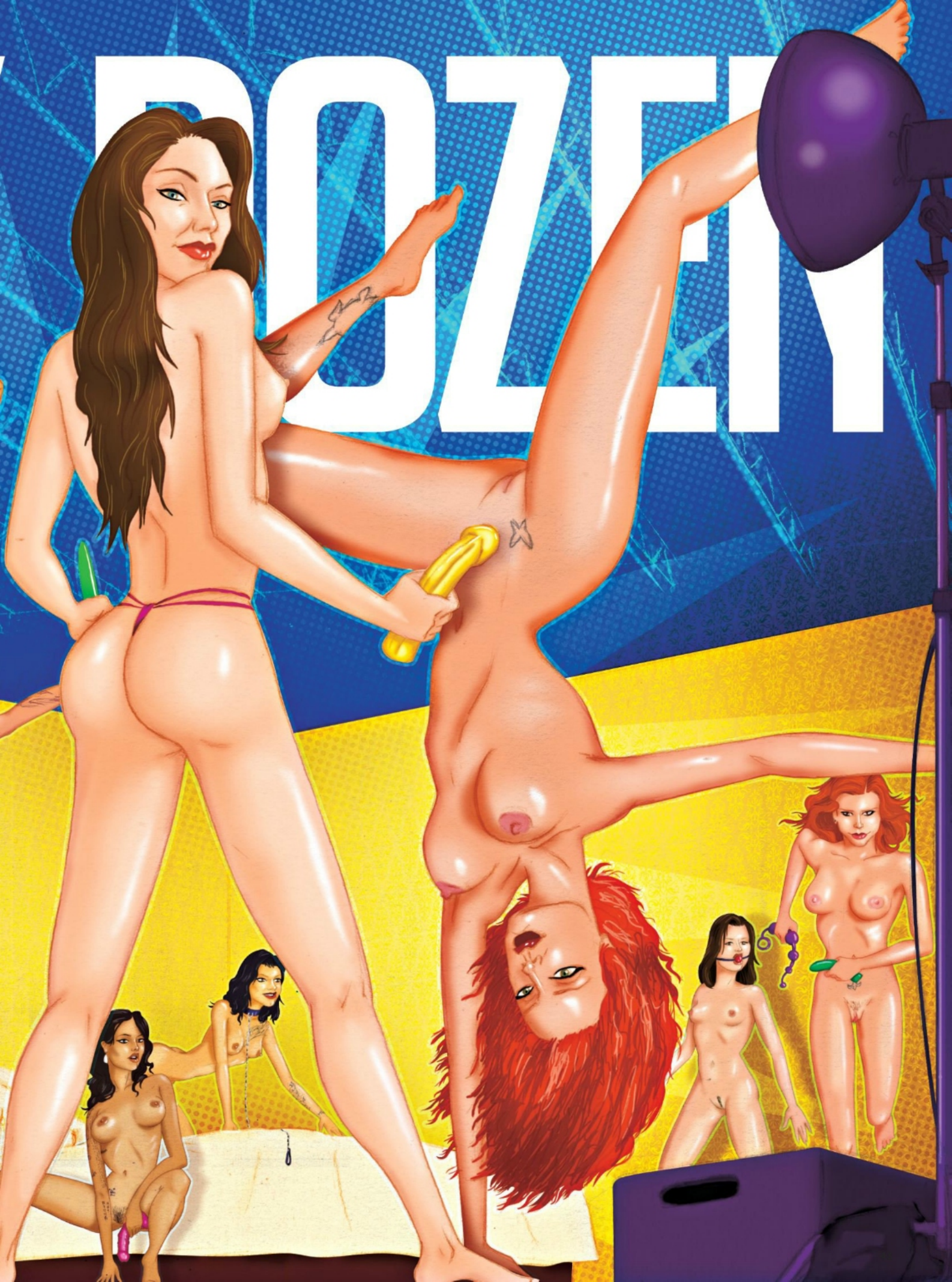
PORN'S DIRTY

Let's celebrate the nastiest, naughtiest nymphs in the adult-entertainment biz, listed here in no particular order. We wouldn't dare to rank them!

By Johnny Bronx
Illustration by Michael Dee



DOZEN





[porn's dirty dozen]



ALEXIS FORD

With her Kewpie-doll face, pouty lips, double-process hairdo, and ever-expanding boobs, the June 2012 Penthouse Pet is possibly the perfect porn star. She certainly seems tailor-made for the role of souped-up sex machine, considering her work with multiple partners, including blow-bang scenes where she huffs cock like a snake swallowing a rat. This New York City native has also been known to take part in the not-so-occasional double penetration/anal and vaginal cream pie. **Dirtiest moment:** Her interracial scenes with no-bullshit dick-slingers like Lexington Steele, most notably in her wildly popular *Alexis Ford Darkside* DVD, for which she was nominated for AVN's 2013 Best Anal Sex Scene.





ANNETTE SCHWARZ

She started her career as a member of the notorious German Goo Girls; now the six-foot-tall Annette is known for an unbelievable deep-throat technique—at times getting her partner's dick *and* balls in her mouth—and a willingness to demonstrate it on ever-larger numbers of men. Despite her size and her stamina, we've also seen her in a couple of heavy-hitting submissive scenes where her tolerance for verbal, sexual, and mental punishment is matched only by, well, there's not too much that can match it, actually. **Dirtiest moment:** Shocking a group of big-dicked black bucks into stunned silence by casually tossing the N-word into her dirty talk in *Annette Schwarz Is Slutwoman*.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (ANNETTE SCHWARZ) COURTESY ELEGANT ANGEL



BELLADONNA

One of the queens of raunchy sex, this ex-Mormon has been brunette, blonde, and bald, and she's tackled all kinds of dirty sexual situations: gang bangs, interracial pairings, multiple penetrations, fisting and anal, pregnant sex, and even modeling sessions on autopsy tables. She's retired from acting in porn—although she still occasionally makes the rounds of adult-industry events performing as an aerialist—but she's left a lasting legacy. We can only hope that she left a vast vault of unreleased scenes, too.

Dirtiest moment: *Waaay* too many to choose from, although a double pronging from porn-stud supreme Nacho Vidal and a transsexual named Carol is a good place to start.



BROOKLYN LEE

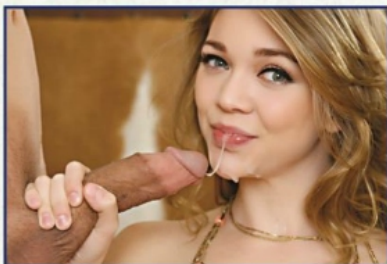
Brooklyn's time in the smut game was shorter than some—she came and went in just about three years—but it sure was sweet, leaving behind a nice body of work and a fan base that loved her penchant for wild and wacky sex. She also managed to rack up more than a dozen industry awards in the process. **Dirtiest moments:** Her back-to-back AVN Award winners in the Most Outrageous Sex Scene category—the slippery and sloppy blowjob in "Suck My Sack With a Straw," costarring Juelz Ventura and Mike Adriano, from 2011's *American Cocksucking Sluts*; and "Clothespin Head" with superstud Rocco Siffredi, from John Stagliano's 2013 film *Voracious: The First Season*.



ASHLEY BLUE

Ashley isn't the most drop-dead-gorgeous star you've ever seen, but man, does she know her way around a cock (or four). Ashley's probably best known for starring in 17 of the 18 installments of the damn-near-legendary *Girlvert* franchise, in which she would endure any manner of sexual thrill and inevitably wind up doling it out herself. She's no stranger to good ol' come-swapping, double anal penetration, anal cream pies, come-swallowing, copious face glazings, and so much more. **Dirtiest moment:** Hard to say, but we always like her squirt scenes, which have more to do with relieving herself than we're allowed to mention in a nice family-oriented magazine like *Penthouse*.





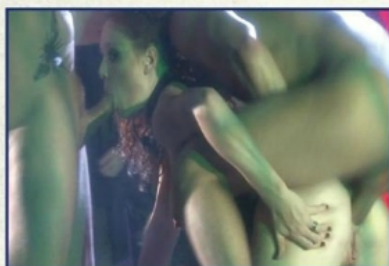
JESSIE ANDREWS

You know that girl you used to sit behind in chem class who looked like she was kind of a drag but turned out to be a total whore once you got her warmed up? She grew up to become Jessie Andrews, the slut next door. Jessie's not known for any particular filthy acts per se, but seeing a girl who looks as innocent as she does throw down with the abandon of a much more seasoned player earns her a place on this list. **Dirtiest moment:** Her star turn in the critically acclaimed *Portrait of a Call Girl* is full of 'em, because she's in every one of its six scenes, including the six-man finale.





[porn's dirty dozen]



AUDREY HOLLANDER

This horny, naturally redheaded slattern was one half of porn's dirtiest couple, her on-screen persona reportedly an accurate reflection of her marriage to similarly sick-and-twisted porn-cock Otto Bauer. She's known for multiple penetrations, extreme anal work, and lots of hard fucking, and she made a name for herself around these parts with an impromptu fisting scene in the Penthouse Studios flick *Power Play*. She left the business for a brief time, but returned with a vengeance last year by featuring in a five-man gang bang.

Dirtiest moment: Good things come in threes, and she's one of them: It's either her double anal/single vaginal combo scene from *Cum Sumption Cocktails*, or one of the times she did a triple-anal dildo. There are plenty of others to come, we're sure.





SASHA GREY

After two years out of the spotlight, the July 2007 Penthouse Pet remains the undisputed queen of postmodern porn. She made a name for herself with a willingness—and ability—to take any sexual position or situation her partner could throw at her and literally ask for more; she was one of the most vocal screamers in the business as well. Sasha's also possibly the only porn star you can discuss with your mother, thanks to the buzz from her starring role in Steven Soderbergh's indie drama *The Girlfriend Experience*. **Dirtiest moment:** In her first scene in her first movie, she asked costar Rocco Siffredi to punch her in the stomach while they fucked. He did, and the rest is history.



DANA VESPOLI

This exotic, erotic former stripper is known for lots of dirty talk and for taking *huge* penises in backdoor scenes, claiming it's easier to get fat dicks in her ass than in her pussy. She was in her early thirties when she entered the biz in 2003, so she works the dirty MILF side of the street (she has children with her ex, porn star Nacho Vidal). Dana also sits her busy ass in the director's chair for *Elegant Angel*. **Dirtiest moment:** In the second *Tough Love* release, Ben English plays a loutish pimp who gives working girl Dana a working over. She endures extreme deep throat, face-slapping, spitting, verbal abuse, and anal sex with a look of pained enjoyment.

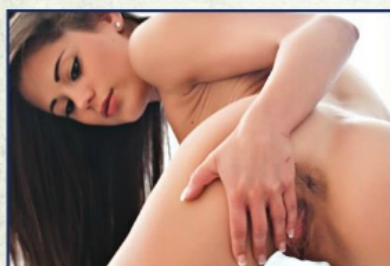




BONNIE ROTTEN

She may be named after one of punk rock's forefathers, but she's more like Glenn Danzig with tits, except seven inches taller and a lot more fuckable. Don't worry if you haven't heard of her yet: She's still relatively new to the business. The very heavily tattooed Ms. Rotten has gone from working as a stripper and a car-show model to going the goth/adult-horror route for *Girls and Corpses* magazine to device-heavy bondage scenes (where she's on both the giving and receiving end) and over-the-top oral orgies that leave her suitably slathered in ball-snot. **Dirtiest moment:** A 12-man gang bang in the flick *Massive Facials 6*.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (BONNIE ROTTEN) COURTESY ELEGANT ANGEL



CAPRICE

Talk about being sugar and spice and everything—oh, who the fuck are we kidding? This 24-year-old, who also goes by Little Caprice, is really pigtails and pom-poms and everything else that reminds you of the thrill of lusting after a girl who's barely legal. When you watch the way she cozies up to a ripe banana or masturbates in the shower or takes selfies making out with one of her sexy friends, you'll be thinking *jailbait*, so the last thing on your mind will be fucking her.... Oh, who the fuck are we kidding? That will be the only thing on your mind.

Dirtiest moment: While it's probably still to come, any time this carnal chameleon plays up her schoolgirl character works for us.





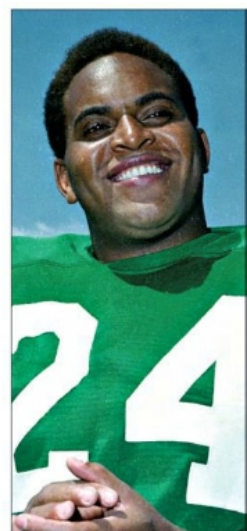
ASA AKIRA

This sexually aggressive Brooklyn-born beauty has made anal something of a trademark move of late, although she throws out good multi-partner and hard sex scenes, too; check out her *Insatiable* trilogy for a taste of what she can do with men and women. The winner of the 2013 Female Performer of the Year AVN Award also gets kinky in *nuru nuru* videos, a Japanese fetish that involves smearing herself in super-slick gel and rubbing her naked body all over her partner's. Along with renegade artist David Choe, she hosts the perky podcast DVDASA (they say the title means "Double Vaginal Double Anal Sensitive Artist," although we can't help noticing that it's a slick combination of their first names). At press time the porno rumor mill said Asa is poised to become Wicked Pictures's first Asian-American contract girl. **Dirtiest moment:** Her anal deflowering by Manuel Ferrara in *Asa Akira Is Insatiable*—because the first time is always the dirtiest. 

DIRTY

The low-down, cheating-est cheap-shot artists in sports history. • By John Bolster

There's no shortage of athletes who've earned lifelong reputations for cheap shots, low blows, and underhanded tricks. Herewith, we tackle—trip, yank down, and elbow—30 of the worst offenders, sport by sport.



Football

Conrad Dobler, G, Cardinals, Saints, Bills 1972–81: *Sports Illustrated* called him “pro football’s dirtiest player” in 1977. He was fond of hitting defensive linemen in the solar plexus when they leaped to block a pass. He bit Doug Sutherland’s finger, punched Mean Joe Greene, spat on Bill Bergey, and kicked Merlin Olsen in the head. Said Olsen, “One of these days, someone’s going to break Dobler’s neck, and I’m not going to send any flowers.”
Ndamukong Suh, DT, Detroit Lions 2010—: The six-foot-four, 307-

pound Suh has been a standout in his brief career in Detroit, but he’s also been fined \$42,500 by the NFL for on-field incidents—such as slamming a player’s head into the turf and stomping on his arm, and kicking another player in the groin—and a *Sporting News* player poll tagged him as the league’s dirtiest player. And he’s just getting started!
Bill Romanowski, LB, 49ers, Eagles, Broncos, Raiders, 1988–2003: When *The Denver Post* asked former Broncos tight end Shannon Sharpe to name the Top 5 dirtiest NFL players,

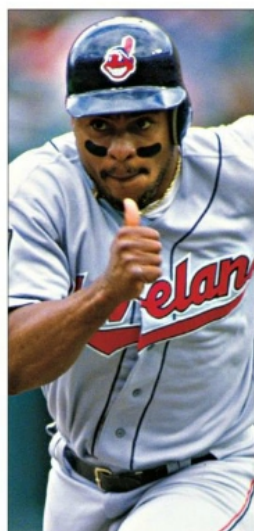
he shot back, “Romo No. 1 and 2, 3, and 4”—“Romo” being Romanowski’s nickname. Yes, the self-confessed steroid user was as dirty as they come. He broke QB Kerry Collins’s jaw, spat in the face of receiver J. J. Stokes, and violently attacked his teammate Marcus Williams during practice.
Cortland Finnegan, CB, Titans, Rams, 2006—: Finnegan talks trash, slaps receivers’ hands, hits them after the play, pops them under their face masks, and generally provokes whenever possible. In 2010, Houston receiver

Andre Johnson had had enough, and came to blows with Finnegan. Earlier that season, Finnegan threw Giants receiver Steve Smith to the ground by his helmet and hit Broncos guard Chris Kuper after Kuper had lost his helmet.
Steve Wisniewski, G, Raiders, 1989–2001: A 1997 *SI* player poll named Wisniewski the dirtiest player in the NFL. A former teammate told ESPN that Wisniewski “is probably the dirtiest offensive player of all time,” while an opponent said, “He chops from behind. He’ll shoot

knees. I couldn’t believe the shots he took.”
Johnny Sample, DB, Colts, Steelers, Redskins, Jets 1958–68: Sample played an extremely physical style, kept detailed scouting reports on opponents, and wasn’t averse to taunting them. After his career, in which he won an NFL title, an AFL title, and a Super Bowl, Sample went from stretching the rules in football to enforcing them in tennis, becoming a pro-tennis official who called matches involving Jimmy Connors, Martina Navratilova, and Chris Evert.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT TO RIGHT) BETTMANN/CORBIS, MARK CUNNINGHAM/GETTY IMAGES, JONATHAN DANIEL/GETTY IMAGES, WESLEY HITT/GETTY IMAGES, GEORGE ROSE/GETTY IMAGES, AP PHOTO/FILES

THIRTY



Baseball

Don Drysdale, P, Dodgers, 1956–69:

Fellow National League pitcher Jim Brosnan said Drysdale's "idea of a 'waste pitch' is a strike." And indeed the six-foot-six, 204-pound Drysdale led the league in hit batsmen five times. He was reputed to have a "two-for-one" rule that dictated he hit two opponents for every Dodgers batter struck by a pitch.

Ty Cobb, OF, Tigers, A's, 1905–28: While most baseball historians agree that the Georgia Peach was anything but peachy, there has been a recent revisionist movement to salvage

Cobb's reputation from what some claim was an inaccurate and vengeful biographer in Al Stump. Was he racist, cantankerous, and generally disliked? Yes. But did he sharpen his spikes and intentionally harm opponents on the basepaths? Many say these claims are exaggerated. Either way, he was enough of an SOB to make the list.

Albert Belle, OF, Indians, White Sox, Orioles, 1989–2000: Belle's case is similar to Cobb's in that he was a surly jerk who treated the media and players with disdain that frequently spilled

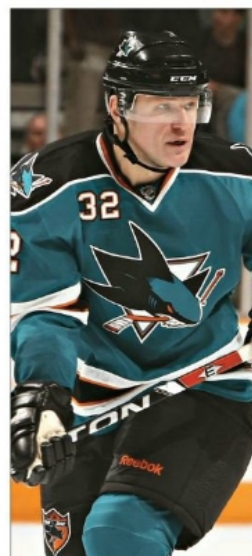
over into hostility. But in Belle's case there are some documented incidents of underhandedness and worse: In 1994 he was suspended for using a corked bat, and in '96 he plowed into Brewers infielder Fernando Vina on the basepath, decking him with a forearm.

Roger Clemens, P, Red Sox, Blue Jays, Yankees, Astros, 1984–2007: He routinely finished among the leaders in hit batsmen, and his 159 career plunks placed him eleventh on the all-time list. Ex-Yankee Lou Piniella called him a

"headhunter," while Cito Gaston, who managed Clemens in Toronto, was more blunt, calling him "a complete asshole." Clemens also lengthened his career with extensive use of PEDs. **A. J. Pierzynski, C, Twins, Giants, White Sox, Rangers, 1998–:** "If you play against him, you hate him," said Chicago manager Ozzie Guillen. "If you play with him, you hate him a little less." Pierzynski routinely crosses the pitcher's mound on his way back to the dugout after making an out, steps on the first baseman's foot as he crosses the bag, or

bumps an opponent's shoulder on his way off the field. A 2012 *Men's Journal* player poll named him the most hated man in baseball.

Vicente Padilla, P, Diamondbacks, Phillies, Rangers, Dodgers, Red Sox, 1999–2012: Padilla may have delighted most of the baseball world when he hit Pierzynski not once, but twice, in one game in 2006, but he also led the majors in hit batsmen that season, and when he departed for the Japanese league after the 2012 season, he had stung 109 batters in 1,571.5 innings, or one every 14.4 innings.



Hockey

Matt Cooke, LW, Canucks, Capitals, Penguins, Wild, 1998—: Selecting the dirtiest players in hockey history is a bit like picking the hottest Victoria's Secret models of all time, but even by that standard, Cooke is a no-brainer. He effectively ended the career of Bruins center Marc Savard with a blindside elbow to the head in 2010, and has been suspended four times for cheap shots to opponents' heads. In 2011, he told the press, "I need to change."
Ulf Samuelsson, D, Whalers, Penguins, Rangers, Red Wings,

Flyers, 1984–2000: A sinister practitioner of the knee-to-knee cheap shot, Samuelsson set Boston's star forward Cam Neely on the road to early retirement with a dirty hit in the 1991 playoffs. His physical style and agitation tactics provoked many opponents, including fellow outlaw Tie Domi, who famously sucker punched Samuelsson in a 1995 game, knocking him out.
Bryan Marchment, D, nine teams, 1989–2006: In 12 NHL seasons, Marchment was suspended 13 times for extra-legal hits on the likes of Pavel Bure, Mike

Modano, Paul Kariya, Doug Weight, and others, all of whom had one thing in common: They were much better hockey players than Marchment.
Bobby Clarke, C, Flyers, 1969–84: The two-time champion Philadelphia teams of the mid-1970s were known as the Broad Street Bullies for their aggressive physical style. But most fans attributed the nickname to goons like Dave "the Hammer" Schultz, not playmakers like Clarke, an eight-time All-Star. Turns out Clarke used his stick to slash as effectively as he deployed it to pass

and poach goals in the crease.
Claude Lemieux, RW, six teams, 1983–2003, 2008–09: Lemieux's infamous hit on the Red Wings' Kris Draper was just the most notorious incident in his litany of cheap shots. The blow from behind sent Draper face-first into the boards, leaving him with a concussion, broken jaw, broken nose, and broken cheekbone—and touched off a long-running feud between Colorado and Detroit. Also: Lemieux was a biter (of Calgary's Jim Peplinski) and a coward.
Sean Avery, LW, Red

Wings, Kings, Rangers, Stars, 1998–2011: Devils goalie Martin Brodeur refused to shake Avery's hand following a 2008 playoff series in which the then Rangers winger agitated Brodeur with several questionable tactics, including screening the net-minder while *facing* him (turning away from the play)—an unprecedented tactic that caused the NHL to alter the rules to prevent it. Notorious for diving, spearing, and slashing, Avery would often "turtle up" when opponents retaliated with fisticuffs.

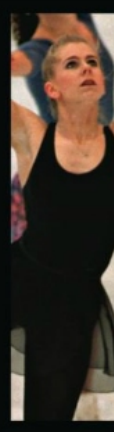
Other Sports



Vinnie Jones, soccer, MF, eight teams, 1984–99: Before he became a Hollywood actor, Jones was a thuggish midfielder for several top-flight English soccer clubs. He seriously injured Tottenham midfielder Gary Stevens's knee with a reckless tackle in 1988, and was photographed grabbing Paul Gascoigne's testicles in a 1987 game.

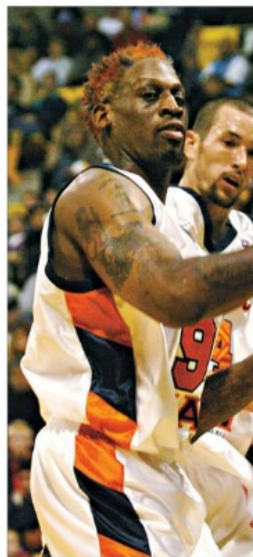
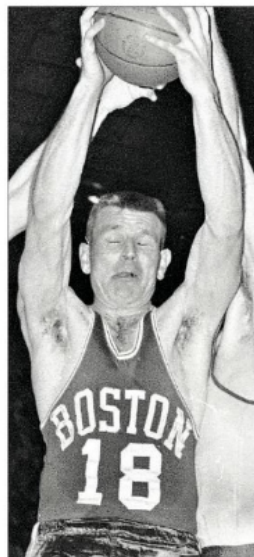


Mike Tyson, boxing, heavyweight, 1985–2005: On June 28, 1997, Tyson fought Evander Holyfield in a rematch for the WBA heavyweight title, and bit him, hard, on both ears, prompting Tyson's disqualification, and the subsequent discovery, on the ring floor, of a piece of Holyfield's right ear.



Tonya Harding, figure skating, 1986–94: With her husband and her bodyguard, Harding hired a thug to break Nancy Kerrigan's leg at the 1994 U.S. Championships. The man approached Kerrigan and struck her with a retractable baton just above her right knee. Kerrigan skated on, while Harding was banned for life.

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Basketball

Bill Laimbeer, C, Cavaliers, Pistons, 1980–93: “Bill tried to hurt you,” Celtics legend Larry Bird has said. “You’d shoot a jumper, he’d try to slide his foot underneath your ankle so you’d twist your ankle.” Laimbeer also committed hard fouls, and then flopped at the slightest contact against himself. Not a recipe for popularity among your peers.

Kevin Garnett, C, Timberwolves, Celtics, Nets, 1995–: A master of after-the-whistle contact, followed by feigned innocence, Garnett is also a trash-talker who knows no

bounds, bringing up opponents’ wives and families, once even alluding to a player’s parent’s cancer. There’s no shortage of YouTube clips of Garnett’s shenanigans, from ticky-tacky stuff to stray elbows and forearms to full-on fisticuffs.

Jim Loscutoff, F, Celtics, 1955–64: He was the leading scorer at the University of Oregon in 1954, but when the Celtics drafted Loscutoff the next year, they were more interested in his bulk (six foot five, 220 pounds) than his buckets. They needed an enforcer, and “Jungle

Jim” fit the bill. “If somebody stood in my way,” Loscutoff has said, “I’d knock them down. Even if they didn’t stand in my way, but if they were bothering another player, they’d have to deal with me.”

Karl Malone, F, Jazz, Lakers, 1985–2004: The Mailman delivered more than just the second-highest career point total of all time during his Hall of Fame career—he also postmarked many an elbow to opposing players’ jaws in his 19 years in the league. Among the recipients of these unwanted missives were Steve

Nash (broken tooth), Joe Kleine (30 stitches, plastic surgery), David Robinson (out cold for two minutes), and Isiah Thomas (40 stitches), among others.

Dennis Rodman, F, Pistons, Spurs, Bulls, Lakers, Mavericks, 1986–2000: Rebounding and defense weren’t the Worm’s only skills: He was also a master agitator, subtle cheap-shot artist, and deft practitioner of the flagrant foul. He was named the dirtiest player in the league in a 1997 *Sports Illustrated* poll of NBA players, execs, and coaches.

Bruce Bowen, F, Heat, Celtics, 76ers, Spurs, 1997–2009: Bowen was just as dirty, and more one-dimensional, than Laimbeer. He was a European and CBA journeyman before carving a niche in the NBA as a fierce defender. He was that, and more: Bowen frequently put a foot under jump-shooting opponents, and tangled legs with players driving the lane. He also kicked Chris Paul when Paul was on the floor, and karate-kicked Wally Szczerbiak in the face while Szczerbiak was attempting a jump shot.

Antonio Margarito, boxing, 1994–2011: Before his 2009 welter-weight bout with Shane Mosley, officials found a plasterlike substance, along with wet pads, in Margarito’s gloves. The illegal materials were removed, Margarito lost the bout and was suspended for a year, while his manager was banned for life.



A. J. Foyt, car racing, 1963–94: Foyt used nitrous oxide to illegally boost his car’s horsepower at the 1976 Daytona 500, and was suspended for bumping Alan Kulwicki’s car in 1988. In 1997, as an owner, Foyt punched Arie Luyendyk after the Dutchman protested—correctly, it turned out—a win that had been awarded to Foyt’s driver.



Nigel de Jong, soccer, MF, Ajax, Hamburg, Manchester City, AC Milan, 2002–: The Dutch destroyer broke U.S. midfielder Stuart Holden’s leg in March 2010, and administered a double fracture to Frenchman Hatem Ben Arfa’s leg later that year. In the 2010 World Cup final, he kicked Spain’s Xabi Alonso in the chest. 〇十一



[pet of the month]

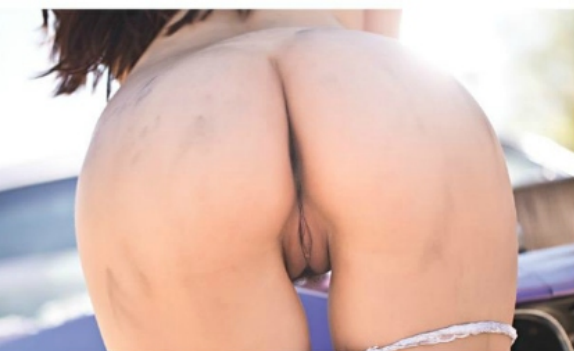
greased lightning

When we decided to shoot a pictorial with a “grease monkey” theme, we immediately knew Italian porn star Valentina Nappi would be the perfect model. She’s always willing to get as down and dirty as necessary to get the job done.

Photographs by Mark Lit for Digital Desire







"I'm always up for new experiences, and I think becoming a porn actress is the most daring thing I've done in my life, but I never have to psych myself up to work in the nude. I just think about how to make my body say, 'Touch me.'"









"It was easy to decide to book this shoot for *Penthouse*. I usually attempt to show my pussy to as many people as I possibly can."





"I'm really into food. I love to vacation in San Sebastián, in Spain, because of the cuisine and the atmosphere. And my ideal date would include dinner at chef Salvatore Tassa's restaurant Le Colline Ciociare, in Acuto, Italy, and anal sex."





VALENTINA NAPPI
NOVEMBER 2013 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



"My favorite sexual fantasy is an orgy. It's not just a fantasy for me, though, because I participate in them sometimes."





VALENTINA NAPPI
NOVEMBER 2013 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

VALENTINA NAPPI
NOVEMBER 2013 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



nothing's shocking

"I am not a licensed therapist, guru, or magic relationship mender. This is sex and love advice from a guy who has seen both failure and success in the relationship department. I am a little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."

By Dave Navarro

■ I read an article in a women's magazine that said the hottest thing you can do to a guy during sex, especially during a blowjob, is massage his prostate. How do I know if a guy I'm with wants that? Am I really supposed to just stick a finger up his ass while I play with his balls? Yes. That is precisely what you are supposed to do. Listen. This is very simple. You can ask him if he's interested in experimenting with prostate massage. After all, this is for his benefit, right? I would hope that if you two are close enough for you to be down there to begin with, asking such a question wouldn't be crossing the line of decency. Communication is the best way to gain sexual insight with your partner.

The other method is just as simple. Go ahead and start playing with that area. Trust me—if a guy isn't into having anything in his ass, he will very quickly let you know with a vocalization, a quick jerk away, or a punch in the face. I'd say you have a two-in-three chance of getting out of there unharmed.

■ What do you think about having a threesome with twins?

Personally? Not into it. I know that this is an age-old fantasy for many men, but I'm a little fucked-up when it comes to this idea. We think "Barbie Twins" or "Doublemint Twins" or some variation. The truth is, to me, twins seem like some kind of science experiment gone awry. In my head, I

wouldn't be able to keep from thinking about that, and I'm certain it would ruin the experience for me. As I said, this is just me. It would start out all hot and sexy, I'm sure, but then I would start considering what has actually happened here—the sperm swimming as fast as they can, the egg splitting in the womb, etc. I'd start thinking about their parents, what they look like, wondering if on some DNA level, this is all the same as having their parents both spit into a bowl and being forced to drink it. See what I mean? It gets messy in my head!

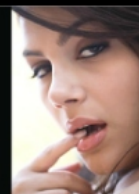
■ Do you like to tie people up? Are you into BDSM? If so, are you the dom or the sub?

Back in the nineties, I was pretty heavily into the BDSM scene. I went to the underground parties, had the gear and the outfits in my closet, and

a drawerful of all kinds of toys that you would find in any dungeon today. I was more of a sub for two reasons: (1) I have a personal issue with violence against women, so even if they want to be beat up, I can't bring myself to do it, and (2) I preferred being the focus of all the attention! The whole scene is fun and edgy and dangerous, and full of all the elements that I think are great about life and explorative living. However, one night I found myself all bound up in a latex dress, getting beaten and whipped and humiliated. It was hot, don't get me wrong... but after about two hours of this, I looked around and said my safe word and there was a long pause. I raised my head, looked at the two young women in the room, and said, "Hey girls, this is hot and all, but is someone here gonna fuck me or what?" ☹️

Submit your questions for Dave at PenthouseMagazine.com/hottips.

VALENTINA NAPPI
NOVEMBER 2013 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



Virtual stats
Age: 26-28, 5'4",
27 years old

Hometown:
Pompano, Italy

Your favorite thing about your hometown:
I love the "pompino" women beauty. There's only a "pompino walk-up call" in waiting a girl to be ready for you.

Favorite kind of music:
I don't like genres, but I love Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt...

Favorite sport:
Canoeing alone

Favorite way to unwind:
Traveling the Amalfi Coast.

Your astrological sign:
Scorpio

Does your sign suit you?
Of course

How would you describe yourself to someone who's never met you?
I'm a sweet girl.

What do you do for a living?
Porn actress.

What's your favorite thing about your job?
I'll be honest to control your energy and desires.

If you were a \$100 dollar, you'd:
I'd do the same things I do now.

What was your most remarkable sexual experience?

Picking boxes: 5/10.

What's the most exciting place you've made love?
The toilet.

What's the hottest movie sex scene?
A love scene in Clint Eastwood's

The Untouchables (1957) where some

black connect.

What's the advantage of being

porn modeling?
It's easy to have many sexual partners.

SEE MORE OF VALENTINA AT PENTHOUSE.COM

LET'S GET DIRTY!

Our first Down & Dirty issue just wouldn't be complete without a list of dirty things, from the iconic to the obscure.

By Deirdre Goldbeck



Dirty Abe a 3-2-2 beer-bong cup setup in the shape of a top hat.

Dirty Bird Atlanta Falcons running back Jamal Anderson first flapped his elbows in this crazy touchdown dance in 1998, in celebration of the team's 41-10 win over New England.

Dirty Blonde a reference to a particular shade of dark-blond hair.

Dirty Bomb an explosive device that contains radioactive material.

Dirty Dancing a 1987 film starring Patrick Swayze and Jennifer Grey, best known for the sizzling pelvis-grinding dance sequences, an Oscar-winning song, and the line "Nobody puts Baby in a corner."

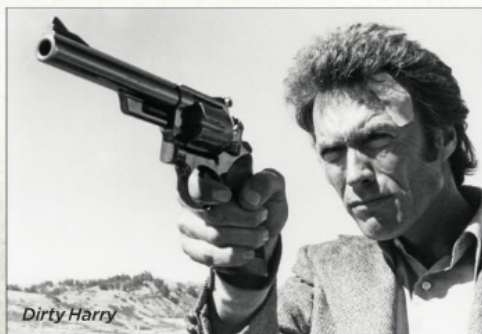
"Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap" a rock anthem by the legendary Australian band AC/DC.

"The Dirty Details" Ryan Keely's no-holds-barred sex-advice column in *Forum* magazine.

The Dirty Dozen a 1967 film that could be dubbed *The Original Expendables*. It's fully loaded with tough guys—including Lee Marvin, Ernest Borgnine, Charles Bronson, Jim Brown, and Telly Savalas—who play really bad convicts recruited for a covert mission during World War II. The film was inspired by a novel, which was in turn inspired by the real-life Filthy Thirteen.

Dirty Dozen Brass Band a not-so-traditional all-brass band from New Orleans, established in 1977.

Dirty Harry a 1971 film starring Clint Eastwood that was so successful that it spawned four sequels. The series gifted the world with plenty of badass catchphrases, including "Go ahead, make my day" and the misquote "Do you feel lucky, punk?"



The Dirty Heads a six-member Southern California reggae band, established in 1996 by Jared "Dirty J" Watson and Dustin "Duddy B" Bushnell.

Dirty House electronic dance music, not to be confused with **Dirty South** (aka **Down South** or **Down and Dirty South**), which is Southern hip-hop.

Dirty Jobs a Discovery Channel reality series (2005 to 2012) starring Mike Rowe. Rowe and his crew sought out people engaged in some of the dirtiest, most hazardous, and, in some cases, most disgusting occupations. Rowe's respect for these laborers was admirable, and his earnest efforts to perform some of the jobs yielded results that varied from hair-raising to hilarious.

Dirty Joke a joke based on something that's taboo, often obscene, or sexual in content or vocabulary. One of the dirtiest jokes ever, "The Aristocrats" (aka "The Debonaires" or "The Sophisticates"), dates back to the vaudeville era, and, depending on the teller, usually includes all that's foul, vile, and vulgar. See the 2005 documentary featuring a parade of 100 stand-up comedians putting their own extreme spin on a joke that's considered older than dirt.

Dirty Laundry Aside from the obvious, it's slang for someone's personal business—the *dirt* they don't want anyone to know about. It's also the name of songs from Eagles cofounder Don Henley (about the media and politics) and former Destiny's Child member Kelly Rowland (about jealousy toward

Beyoncé's success as a solo artist and her own experience with domestic abuse).

"Dirty Little Secret"

a 2005 song by the All-American Rejects.

"Dirty Love" We'll skip the disastrous 2005 Jenny McCarthy film of the same name and jump straight to Frank Zappa's song from the album *Over-Nite Sensation*, released in 1973, in which Zappa sang for some chick to "Give me your dirty love." Nearly 40 years later, techno-pop auto-tune queen Ke\$ha released "Dirty Love," with the refrain "I just want your dirty love."

Dirty Mary, Crazy Larry

a 1974 film in which stock-car driver/NASCAR hopeful Peter Fonda, his mechanic Adam Roarke, and Susan George extort \$150,000 from a store manager.

Dirty Martini

a cocktail consisting of gin, vermouth, and olive brine. Also a New York City-based burlesque dancer and pinup who's known internationally for her elaborate and exotic revues.

Dirty Mind a term used to describe someone obsessed with sex. In other words, everyone.

Dirty Money ill-gotten money, or a Discovery Channel show featuring the adventures of Dumpster-diving brothers John and Jimmy DiResta and "Rat Boy," John's son.

Dirty Old Man a middle-aged or elderly man with lewd or lecherous inclinations.

Dirty Pint a treat for the birthday girl or guy: five shots of Bell's whisky, three shots of Gordon's gin, two shots of sambuca, two shots of tequila, two shots of apple sour, and half a pint of Guinness. This could also be referred to as "last call."

Dirty Pool behavior or conduct that is underhanded, unethical, unfair, or unsportsmanlike.

Dirty Rice a traditional Cajun dish of white rice, cooked with pieces of chicken livers, giblets, or sausage; spices; and the "holy trinity" of bell peppers, celery, and onion.



Dirty Martini

Dirty Rotten Scoundrels

a 1988 comedy starring Michael Caine and Steve Martin as con men who make their living swindling rich women.

Dirty Sanchez a sex act made famous by former child actor Dustin "Screech" Diamond (*Saved by the Bell*). During or after anal sex, the guy uses his finger to ream the girl's asshole, then swipes the same finger across her upper lip, leaving a mustache. Or he rubs his dick on her face. There's some debate about which body part gives her a **Dirty Rodriguez**.

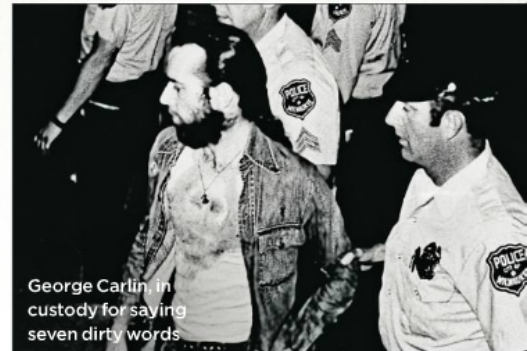
Dirty 30 the famously corrupt 30th Precinct in Harlem, New York, in the mid 1990s. More than 33 officers were charged with perjury, and stealing drugs, cash, and guns.

Dirty Wars a 2013 documentary, based on the book *Dirty Wars: The World Is a Battlefield*, about America's involvement in covert wars in Afghanistan, Yemen, Somalia, and other countries.

"Dirty Water" a sixties song by the Standells, a California garage-rock band. It has references to the then-polluted Boston Harbor and Charles River, and the Boston Strangler, but because of the refrain, "Well, I love that dirty water/ Oh, Boston you're my home/ Oh, you're



Mike Rowe of *Dirty Jobs*



George Carlin, in custody for saying seven dirty words

the number-one place," Boston sports teams use it as a victory song.

Dirty Water Dog a New York City hot dog sold by street vendors at sidewalk pushcarts.

Nitty Gritty Dirt Band a country-folk group originally formed in 1966 in Long Beach, California; also known as the Dirt Band from '76 to '81.

Ol' Dirty Bastard Brooklyn-born rapper Russell T. Jones, founding member of the Wu-Tang Clan.

Riding Dirty getting pulled over by the cops while you or someone in your ride is holding.

Seven Dirty Words In 1972, George Carlin performed his "Seven Words You Can Never Say on Television" monologue at Summerfest in Milwaukee, and was promptly arrested for disturbing the peace. Of course, now, *shit, piss, fuck, cunt, cocksucker, motherfucker, and tits* are all over the airwaves. Carlin may have lifted the idea from his friend and mentor, Lenny Bruce, who was arrested during a 1966 performance for saying eight words (*balls, cocksucker, cunt, fuck, motherfucker, penis, shit, and tits*).

"Talk Dirty to Me" a song recorded by eighties glam-rock band Poison. 

PLAYING DIRTY

Remember when blisters, sweat, and swamp-ass were sufficient badges of honor after a grueling race? Not anymore. Today's weekend warriors aren't happy unless they're covered in mud and muck (and various other questionable substances) at the end of a competition.

By Kara Wahlgren



A Tough Mudder in Seneca, Illinois

Bierathlon in Hanover, Germany

A Warrior Dash in Florence, Arizona

Beer Runs

After months of stringent prerace training and diet plans, it's no surprise that many runners reward themselves with a cold beer after a long race. Which means it was only a matter of time before someone came up with the ingenious idea of enjoying the

celebratory brew during the race. In the most basic format of a "beer mile," competitors run four laps around a standard quarter-mile track, chugging a beer after each lap. North American beer miles typically require runners to drink a 12-ounce can and keep it down—a penalty lap is charged for vomiting. It's a far messier affair in the United Kingdom, where runners gulp down a full imperial pint after each lap, and bringing it back up is perfectly acceptable.

If that sounds like your average Saturday night, then you can sign up for one of the various 5K versions throughout the States where a beer is typically chugged after every kilometer. Or head to Germany for



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (FROM LEFT) JULIAN STRATENSCHULTE/AP IMAGES, ROSS D. FRANKLIN/AP IMAGES, BOSTON GLOBE/GETTY IMAGES, VINCE TALOTTA/GETTY IMAGES, ROB GRIFFITH/AP IMAGES, AP IMAGES

the Bierathlon, an annual race in which a two-person team attempts to carry and consume a crate of beer before crossing the finish line. Cheers!

The Warrior Dash

Mud runs are every-freaking-where right now, so it's hard to imagine that less than five years ago, they were an innovative concept. The Warrior Dash kicked off in 2009 with the hopes of luring newcomers into the 5K circuit via mud-covered camaraderie. The concept was pretty simple: Take a boring old 5K; throw in some wall climbs, trenches, and mud pits; and finish off with live music and a killer post-race party. It turns out runners with dirty minds were an untapped market—the inaugural race sold out, and last year's series of races drew in more than a million runners. Red Frog Events, the company behind the Warrior Dash, has added two spin-offs. The Iron Warrior Dash amps up the distance to 15 miles, and the Urban Warrior Dash replaces the mud pits with city-inspired obstacles, like crossing a full Dumpster on a narrow beam. (Suddenly the mud pits don't sound so bad.)

Tough Mudder

According to the event's website, "Tough Mudder is not your average lame-ass mud run." How tough is it?

Well, we'll put it this way: On one particularly bad Tough Mudder race day in April 2013, the local hospital reported a fatality, two heart attacks, an electrocution, and a near-drowning, as well as numerous minor injuries.

If you're wondering why anyone would sign up for that kind of torture, you're not alone. The Tough Mudder was conceived by a Harvard student for the school's annual business-plan contest, but professors doubted he could convince 500 people to sign up. The business plan didn't get past the semifinals of the contest, but now tens of thousands of people show up for each race, and the Tough Mudder Facebook page has 3.4 million followers. But don't let its popularity fool you into thinking this is a warm-and-fuzzy fun run. With obstacles designed by British Special Forces—such as greased monkey bars, mud-filled tube slides, a fire pit, and a field of live wires (no, really)—a little dirt is the least of your problems.

Zombie Races

We've got zombie movies, zombie TV shows, zombie flash mobs, zombie weddings, and even an official zombie-preparedness page at the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention website. It was only a matter of time before the walking dead invaded the running world, too. Across the country, zombie races like Run for Your Lives events are putting a gory twist on the standard 5K—runners are typically given three flags to protect as they race through obstacles like blood pits and mazes, all while being chased by hordes of zombies. (Another popular race, the aptly named Zombie Run, offers a slightly more low-key, obstacle-free,

intro-to-zombies vibe.) In a zombie race, however, speed isn't necessarily your friend, as leading the pack just means you'll face the finish-line zombies alone; runners are forced to rely on strategy and teamwork to survive. One bonus? Regardless of whether you make it out alive or undead, many zombie runs include a wild apocalypse party after the event, which is the perfect place to use the pickup line: "If you and I were the last two people alive after a zombie apocalypse ..."

The Color Run

If you've ever felt that running a 5K would be better if people were pelting you with paint, you're in luck. At this fairly new entrant to the fun-run trend, runners are blasted with a different color of brightly dyed cornstarch at the kilometer markers. It was launched in early 2012 by a triathlete in Utah who wanted to attract first-time runners with a nonthreatening race. His plan worked—more than 60 percent of Color Run entrants are 5K virgins. There are no winners here, and not just because runners will spend the next few days digging sticky cornstarch out of every orifice. The event isn't timed, so there are *literally* no winners. In its second year, the series is expected to attract more than a million runners—which is proof that everyone loves a hot mess.

Tuna Tossing

The name of this competition is vaguely cunnilingual, but don't get your hopes up—they're really just throwing dead fish around. Every year, the Southern Australian city of Port Lincoln hosts the Tunarama Festival, a weekend of festivities promoting the local tuna-fishing industry. The festival also features a prawn toss and keg rolling, but the highlight is the tuna toss, in which participants find out how far they can hurl a frozen 20-pound (give or take) fish. We can only imagine what several tons of tuna would smell like in an open field in the middle of a sweltering Aussie summer, but that doesn't deter people from lining up for a chance at the World Championship title and \$3,000.

Cow-chip throwing in Hutchinson, Kansas

A post-climb assist off the Herndon Monument at the Naval Academy

Hog wrestling in Eldorado, Wisconsin

The competition actually attracts some well-respected Australian athletes—turns out it's an easy crossover sport for elite-level hammer throwers. Olympic hammer thrower Sean Carlin set the record in 1998 with a toss of 37.23 meters; this year, Aussie hammer-throwing record-holder Tim Driesen won the men's competition with a distance of 30.26 meters.

Cow-Chip Throwing

Here's a little history lesson: The Midwest pretty much sucked for settlers. With no easy fuel source available in the plains, pioneers resorted to burning dried buffalo poop to heat their homes and cook their food. That meant that autumn was spent loading up their wagons with "cow chips," and since winning the West was apparently boring as fuck, they made a game out of hurling the cow chips into the wagon. You'd think this would be one of those unpleasant parts of pioneer life that people would like to leave in the past, like dysentery, but in 1970, the town of Beaver, Oklahoma, revived the rancid competition. Now residents flock to the annual World Championship Cow Chip Throw to see who can toss their handful of shit the farthest. (Free coaching tip: Throw overhand, not like it's a Frisbee.) There are more casual competitions throughout the Midwest, including a Wisconsin State Cow Chip Throw and Festival where, per the festival's website, "licking your hands is allowed to get a better grip." That website also features the lyrics to a song called "Poop Scoopin' Boogie." You can thank us later.

The Poop Scoot

They say your biggest competition is yourself, but in this bizarre race through Meridian City, Idaho, your biggest competition is a shit-covered tennis ball. Seriously. The competitors don't actually get dirty here, unless you count sweaty, but its fecal inspiration means we just couldn't leave it off the list. Runners follow the path

of the city's main sewer line, crossing the finish line at the Meridian Wastewater Treatment Plant. If that isn't weird enough, the competitors are all trying to outrun a tennis ball that's floating through the pipes below. Which begs the question: What the fuck, Idaho?

Hog Wrestling

Pigs are basically limited to two wrestling moves: Weigh a lot, and run like hell. But that hasn't stopped hog-wrestling competitions from popping up around the country. As you can imagine, there are few things dirtier than a full-body embrace with a squealing farm animal. The concept is pretty straightforward: Hop into a mud-filled ring, wrangle a hog into a barrel within the given time limit, and try to avoid taking a hoof to the face in the process. The pig might be greased for an added challenge, and at some competitions the pig is also the prize—yeehaw!

Gravy Wrestling

Think of this as Jell-O wrestling's greasier cousin. Every summer in Lancashire, England, contestants dress in fancy garb and grapple in a vat of brown gravy for the honor of taking home the Gravy Wrestling World Championship Trophy. The charity event is all in good fun—in fact, referees will stop a bout if either competitor seems to be taking things too seriously. Points are rewarded for the usual takedowns and reversals, but also can be earned for getting a laugh from the crowd—or deducted if you act like a dick. Showers are provided at the end, courtesy of a fire hose. Is it wrong that we're suddenly craving shepherd's pie?

Greasy Pole

If you still have a bit of post-traumatic stress from the rope climb in gym class, you might want to steer clear of these slippery competitions. The concept is pretty simple—grease up a pole, and either climb it or cross it—but it's become a surprisingly global phenomenon, with several variations held around the world. During La Tomatina festival in Spain, competitors attempt to scale a greasy pole to claim a ham from the top. The U.S. Naval Academy greases up the Herndon Monument each year and challenges plebes to replace a hat at the top. Other greasy-pole climbs have been held in the United Kingdom, Thailand, Australia, and beyond. And in a horizontal version held each year during the St. Peters Fiesta in Gloucester, Massachusetts, contestants attempt to cross a greased-up telephone pole suspended over the water to capture a flag. If you're envisioning oily feet, broken noses, and splinters in unmentionable places, you're not far off.

Bog Snorkeling

A peat bog is a sludgy, spongy area of stagnant water—picture a swamp that's been clogged with rotting

BONUS TIP

Be an unrepentant voyeur at a Dirty Girls 5K.



This race is for women only—and with obstacle names like “You go girl!” and “PMS (Pretty Muddy Stuff),” we doubt you would’ve signed up for it anyway. But if you like to watch girls get covered in mud and hoist one another’s sweaty bodies over eight-foot walls, then pack up the cooler and find a spot along the sidelines. Spectators are welcome.



Gravy wrestling in Rossendale, Lancashire

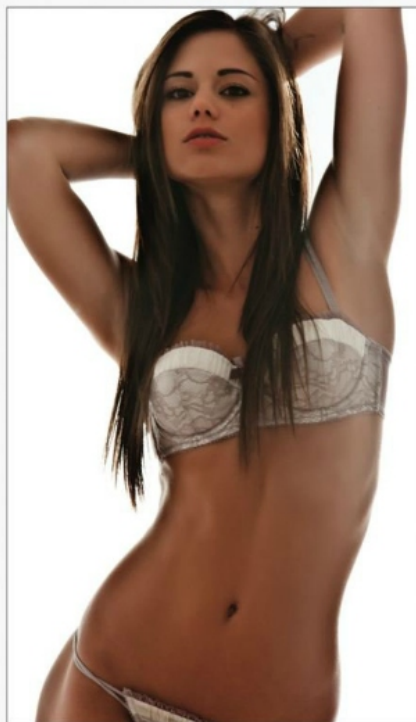
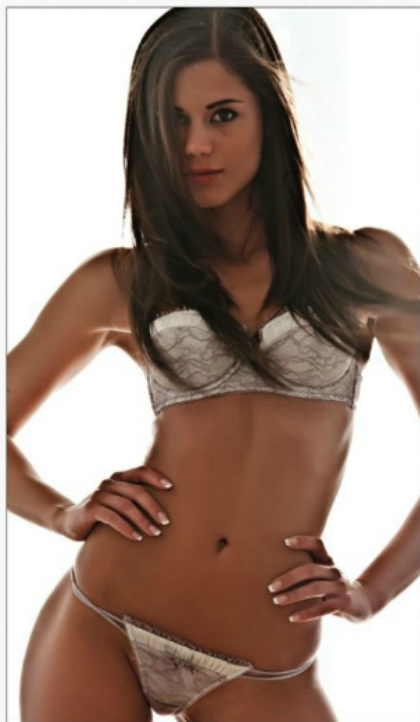


A greasy-pole climb at La Tomatina Festival in Spain

plants. In other words, not exactly the ideal place for a quick swim. But every August, more than 200 brave souls grab their snorkels and flippers and head to the tiny Welsh town of Llanwrtyd Wells, where the bog-snorkeling world championships are held. Competitors swim two lengths of a 60-yard trench dug through the muck, and standard swim strokes are prohibited—swimmers have to rely on their flippers to power through the peat. For the truly masochistic, the town has added a bog-snorkeling triathlon: a seven-and-a-half-mile run through the hills, the 120-yard bog swim, and a 19-mile mountain-bike

course. How does one prepare to plunge into the swampy waters? One former triathlon champ’s wife said, “Dan spent the months prior to the event flushing his head down the toilet to get acclimatized.” Sounds about right. ☛

Bog snorkeling in Llanwrtyd Wells, Wales



pretty young thing

Caprice has carved out a place for herself in the “hot teen” segment of adult entertainment, and there couldn’t be a more fitting career for the lithe and attractive 24-year-old. Her inclusion in our Dirty Dozen list of porn stars is well-deserved, as she always leaves us glad that the adult biz makes it possible for us to get our perv on.

Photographs by Davide Esposito



"I love what I do, and there are so many great perks to working as an erotic model and actress. I love to travel, I'm always meeting new people, and I get to learn so much about different mentalities and cultures."







"I'm not that different from other women. I fantasize about having a threesome with two men and having all their attention focused on me, just like a lot of girls."





"The most amazing sexual
experience I've ever had was
in a shopping center. We
thought no one would be
able to see us, but afterward
we realized that lots of
people had a great view!"





"I don't judge people who are into casual sex because I can easily understand the appeal. I would have sex with a stranger if the chemistry between us was good and I liked him."

SEE MORE OF CAPRICE AT PENTHOUSE.COM.





DEEP IMPACT

Having deep, penetrating sex should not be taken lightly, because it feels fucking phenomenal. Dive into subterranean waters with these deeply moving angles.

By Marisa Bennett • Illustrations by Robert Ullman

OPENING NIGHT

Private showings are always the best showings. This position's debut is sure to be an instant success.

With the help of a little daily stretching, she should splay her legs in the air into a wide split. Straightening her legs all the way is more for fashion than function, so if she's not super-duper-flexible, fret not! (No one expects him to be an acrobat, so she shouldn't lose points for that either.) Depending on said bendiness, he should keep her legs apart by holding on to her ankles (for a wide split) or her knees (for a thinner split).

While he works hard in between her legs, she can pleasure herself. Some

women worry that masturbating during sex will make him think she prefers her own hand to his penis. Au contraire: "I was so aroused with your penis inside me that I just had to touch myself" should never be interpreted as anything other than an enormous ego boost to him. Touch away.

Naturally, this position is an aesthetic A+, but it also lets both partners get deeply acquainted.

TOUCHDOWN

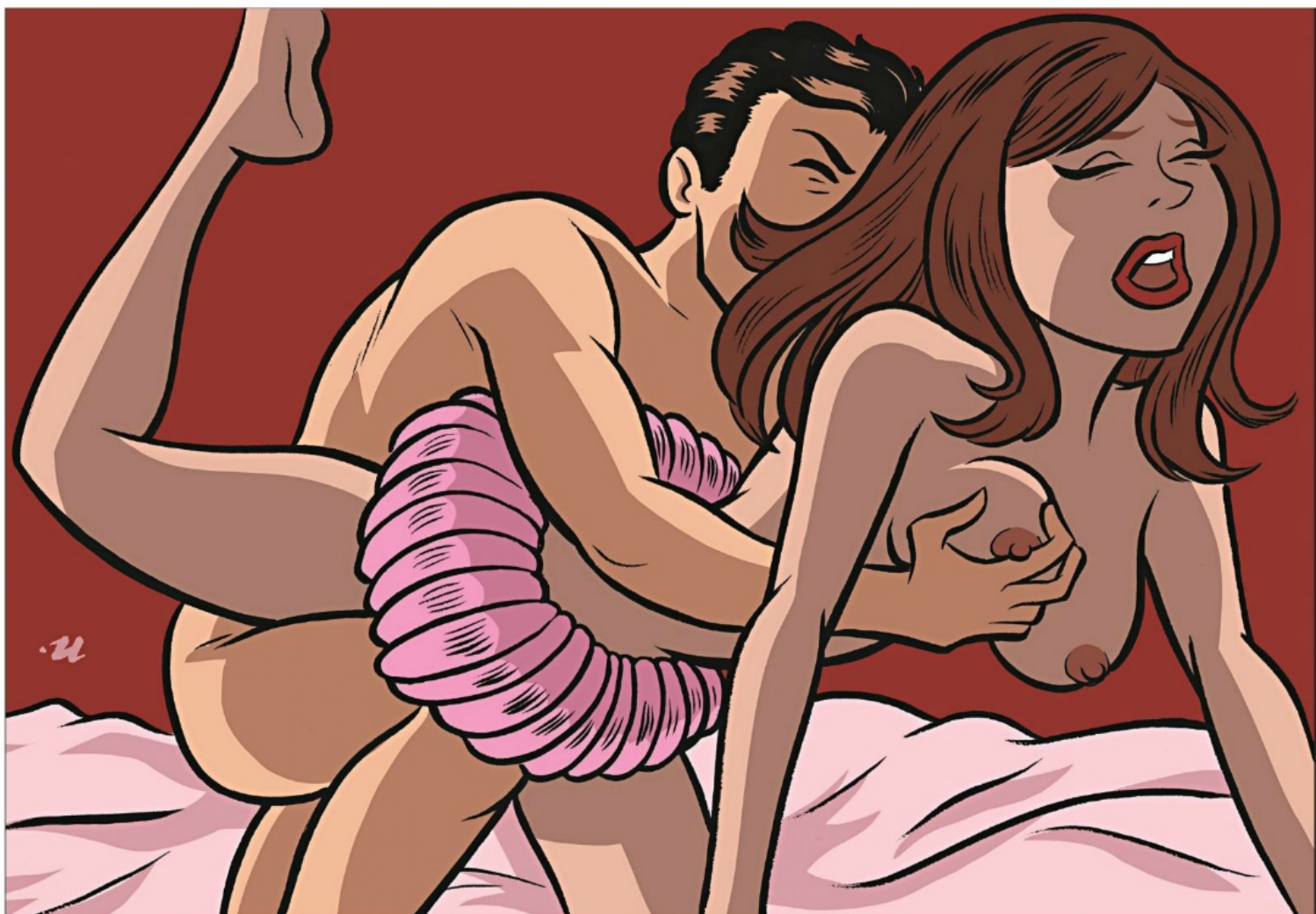
The position for all those who are footloose and fancy-free. In other words, it works for anyone from the foot fetishist to those not totally grossed out by being near feet.

She lies on her back with her knees hugged to her chest. He kneels in front of her where he's most comfortable moving in for the win. Instead of

stretching her legs out or wrapping her ankles around his head, this simple position just asks that she put her feet flat on his chest. Her goal is to have her big toe touching her big toe and her heel touching her heel. The closer together her feet are, the tighter he will fit inside her. She can practice flexing her pelvic-floor muscles so that the tension around his penis will expand and contract, giving him a rhythm to work with as he goes in and out of her. Doing this feels good for both partners—flexing those muscles helps to build orgasms!

For a penetrating take on a little fancy footwork, this position is a perfect go-to.





OVER-THE-SHOULDER ANKLE HOLDER

People joke about being able to put their legs over their heads, but it's actually quite a useful skill. For instance ...

She lies down on the bed with her legs curled up to her chin. This angle will have her primed and ready for him when he lies down on top of her. Hovering over her, he should help her rest her ankles on either side of his shoulders. She can keep her knees bent, so there's no crazy stretching that's required of her beforehand in order to limber up. It's important that her ankles are snugly around his neck, rather than just draping her legs over his shoulders, because the closeness of her feet together also signifies how tightly she'll fit around him inside her.

His weight on top of her will keep her knees close to her chest, which

gives him greater depth as he moves in and out of her. This position still allows you to maintain eye contact throughout, and even for him to lean down for the occasional passionate kiss. In moments like those, though, he should be careful not to put too much weight on top of her; otherwise her knees will prevent her from breathing easily.

This position gives some kinky legwork an intimate twist.

LEG LOCK

You're stuck together, a matching set, just perfect for each other—at least in this position.

She lies down on the edge of the bed with one or both legs raised. He stands in front of her with one leg firmly on the floor, and the other on the bed for leverage. By holding one of her legs in the air and the other comfortably to her side, he can enter her deeply. If she's feeling really hot and heavy, she can grab his hips to pull him in deeper as he thrusts. If deep action will get her riled up but not all

the way there, she can masturbate while he watches, or he can rub her clitoris as he goes.

BALLET SLIPPER

In no simpler terms, this position is just plain pretty. Like a ballet slipper, it looks beautiful while performing a very important purpose. And luckily for you, this purpose is the kind that gives orgasms, not blisters.

She should arrange herself on all fours, while he kneels upright behind her. He should raise one leg so that his foot is resting flat on the bed (or floor, roof—wherever). She should raise her leg on the same side back and up, so that her thigh rests on top of his, and her calf and foot extend comfortably up and behind him. Using her hips as his guide, he can control his thrusts while she uses her arms in front of her for support. With her leg up high, he'll be able to get more of himself



The catcher's position lets you embrace the American pastime and **score a few runs with her in the hot seat.** She does the manual labor while you enjoy the view.

inside her, and she'll get more clitoral stimulation. He can use this angle to cup her breasts, or if he doesn't feel like being gentle, he can tug on her hair a little.

The legwork in this position gives doggie-style a whole new aesthetic, and feels pretty excellent.

THE HOMESTRETCH

Nothing starts off the day like a good morning stretch, or good morning sex. What better way to start off the day than combining the two?

She lies headfirst at the edge of the bed. He kneels in front of her, scooting her forward as he inserts himself inside her. The best way to move into this position is by doing it naturally—she should let out a big stretch, extending her arms off the bed and grazing her fingertips along the floor. The arch of her back should coincide with the curve of the bed's edge, so that nothing is being strained in the wrong place. He can help her reach the floor by maneuvering her hips, but, more important, keeping

them on the bed so she doesn't fall. This position gives him a great view of her stomach and chest as she loosens up her body. Since her head is now lower than her core, this good-morning tryst will exaggerate her building climax. His positioning right in front of her open hips is also perfect for some deep action.


And, of course, there's no need to restrict this position to the morning. Keep stretching all day!

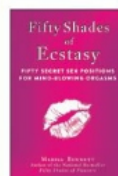
CATCHER'S POSITION

As it's one of the most important positions in baseball, it's no surprise that the catcher's stance would come in handy on a different playing field.

Pretty much all that's required of him is to lie back and enjoy the view. As he lies down, she should crouch down on top of him, with her knees close to her chest and her feet flat on the bed. It's not enough to just wriggle

around on top and look pretty. She should be using her quad muscles for all they're worth, bringing her whole pelvis up and down on his shaft. If she gets tired, she can slow down the pace, hovering over his tip and then letting gravity take over—rinse and repeat. The stance of her legs opens her up so that she can go the whole length of his shaft. By leaning back slightly, the tip of his penis will be flush with the inside wall of her vagina, which will feel great for both involved. While she's busy doing all the manual labor, he can make use of his idle hands and massage her breasts, rub her clitoris, or just hold on to her waist for dear life.

Embrace an all-American pastime and score a few runs with her in the hot seat. 



Excerpted from *Fifty Shades of Ecstasy*, by Marisa Bennett. Reprinted by permission of Skyhorse Publishing, Inc.



VOMIT AND DIAPERS AND BUGS... OH, MY!!

Here at *Penthouse*, we're staunch proponents of a "to each his own" philosophy when it comes to sex and fetishes. That said, check out this dirty-dozen list of (literally) filthy fetishes. These down-and-dirty deeds are often messy, sometimes mystifying, and occasionally just plain illegal.

By Barbara Pizio

■ BUGGING OUT

Most people think bugs are a bother, but formicophilia fetishists use insects, including ants and flies, to get a sexual thrill. Some go so far as to cover their genitals in a sweet substance, such as honey, to encourage the creepy crawlies to tickle and torment; people who get off on the rush of fear-induced adrenaline enjoy the "torture" of having bugs or spiders crawl on them.

Legend has it that Cleopatra harnessed the buzzing power of bees, perhaps creating the world's first vibrator when she stashed them in a hollow gourd. But bees and hornets have also been utilized by fans of melissophilia, the use of insect stings for sexual pleasure. Proponents of the

practice believe the aftereffects of bee stings—vasodilation and hypersensitivity—extend the duration of their orgasms. Some practitioners will even place bees in a jar and add their dick in a quest to achieve the desired results.

■ SSSMOKING!

The majority of smoking fetishists are men who fixate on female smokers. The old-fashioned cultural belief that women who smoke are "bad girls" comes into play, as does the image of the cool but sexually sizzling femme fatale. This kink of capnolagnia does not involve cigarettes during sex; the act of observing beautiful women, often with meticulously painted lips, tak-

ing drags and slowly exhaling the smoke is the sex.

Some submissives, who are called human ashtrays, are excited by having smoke blown at them, ashes dropped on their tongues, cigarettes stubbed out on their flesh, or their faces rubbed into full ashtrays.

■ HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE

Wet-and-messy sex, also referred to as WAM or "sploshing," focuses on slathering oneself—or others—in gooey syrups or smushed cakes, as well as the old slapstick routine of a pie in the face. While this activity seems like goofy fun, there are serious undercurrents of humiliation and defilement that tie into the practitioners' arousal. Some splosers prefer mud-larking—frolicking in mud puddles—showering while clothed, or playing in other sticky, slimy, or inedible liquids. Some fans just like to watch, but for active splosers, WAM is all about the sensations—the physical experience of sticky or squishy food or liquids, or the



suctionlike feeling of wet clothing sticking to the body.

■ AIRING DIRTY LAUNDRY

The most common mysophiliacs are men who lust after women's worn panties—the more soiled the better. They may swipe them from strangers, receive them as tokens of affection from willing partners, or purchase them. In fact, a number of Pets and erotic models sell the lingerie they wear in shoots. What men do with the prized panties varies; some masturbate with them against their dick, some wear them, and some lick or smell them while jerking off.

Mysophiliacs who are not panty-focused may get their kink on by hooking up in filthy locations, like a dirty public restroom, or by collecting such soiled items as used tampons. There are proponents who cross into necrophilia; they tend to prefer decaying corpses rather than the recently deceased, and may even ingest bodily fluids from the dead, especially urine.

■ STAIN TREATMENT

Some people find fulfillment in the act of sullyng the object of their affection, which is known as salirophilia. Their sexual thrills come from defiling that person by, say, driving through a muddy puddle in order to splash her, "accidentally" tearing clothing, or spilling a glass of red wine on her white blouse. If their target is not available in person—perhaps because she is a celebrity—they might ejaculate onto a photo of her face.

■ CALL ME, MAYBE

The obscene-phone-call fetish—telephone scatologia—is not a late-night call to your girlfriend to tell her what you plan on doing to her the next time you meet. That's good, old-fashioned dirty talk. Telephone scatologia is the illegal act of cold-calling a stranger for sex talk. For these fetishists, the majority of whom are male, the excitement lies in ambushing their victims. They may launch into an immediate sexual proposition, or attempt to trick women into discussing personal details by pretending to be conducting surveys.

■ DIRTY FOOTJOBS

Foot fetishism is one of the most common kinks around, and while the garden-variety foot fan is content massaging, kissing, or licking a



woman's feet, for some only filthy soles will do. They crave the sight of a woman walking barefoot through mud or squishing ground meat or ripe fruit between her toes, or they enjoy the scent of sweaty female feet after a long day of them being encased in shoes. Others get off on washing soiled feet and delivering a pampering pedicure—which generally leads up to some foot-focused sex play, of course.

■ DEPENDS ON YOU?

Adult babies get a bad rap, with the uninformed lumping them in with pedophiles, but infantilism has nothing to do with actual children. Many adults who like this kind of fetish play crave nothing more than the extreme pampering that comes from taking on the role of a helpless infant. But some adult babies are seriously into the entire diapering experience—including soiling themselves. This may be part of a humiliation/punishment scenario, or the players might focus on the nappy-changing ritual.

■ COCKTAILING

In the context of sex fetishes, "cocktail" refers to the drinking of bodily fluids, such as urine, blood, semen, or the liquid expelled from an enema. "Golden cocktails" might be part of domination play, with a toilet slave "forced" to drink his mistress's urine. Of course, some golden-shower enthusiasts enjoy urinating on someone, or merely watching someone else pee.

For some fans of urophilia, the excitement comes from surreptitious voyeurism. They get off on secretly

spying on someone in person, or by sneaking a video camera into a restroom and making recordings.

■ TECHNICOLOR YAWNS

Emetophilia, also called Roman showers, is getting turned-on by vomit or vomiting. The arousal might come from watching someone purge or from causing the act—especially by triggering a lover's gag reflex during a blowjob—or from vomiting on their sex partners. Some emetophiliacs claim that the act of vomiting echoes the physical spasms of orgasm.

■ SHIT STORMS

Coprophiliacs derive sexual pleasure from feces—whether from handling it directly or watching someone defecate. It doesn't get dirtier than that—until you consider coprophagia, which is actual shit-eating. In his book *Lovemaps*, sex researcher John Money documented the extreme case of a man who would collect excrement from public toilets so he could later smear it on himself and consume it.

■ ENEMA OF THE STATE

Klismaphiliacs become sexually aroused from either receiving or giving enemas—and for an added kinky twist, "golden enemas" are given with urine instead of water. Enema fetishists might be turned-on by the sensation of being filled with fluid, while for others their kink is integrated in adult-baby play, medical-fetish games, or in a BDSM context where denial of release is used as a punishment. 

Our 2008 Pet of the Year
Runner-Up comes clean about
getting dirty with sex in the
midst of a menstrual cycle.
By Justine Joli

The first time I had sex on my period, I was definitely turned off by the experience. My then-boyfriend and I were having sex, and when we finished, he said, "I think you started your period." I realized he was right. He was unfazed and just said we should take a shower and change the sheets, but I wasn't into it. That led to my decision to make my period Blowjob Week during my relationships.

When I was younger, in my early twenties, a lot of my partners made me feel really gross about my period. And it doesn't help that my hormones are all over the place during that time of the month. But I've never thought having sex with another woman when

she was on her period was gross or weird or odd. I did a scene with a girl once when she was menstruating, and I accidentally broke her menstrual cup. The blood trickled out of her, sliding down my hand and over her thighs, and it was all swirled together with her come. It looked like a work of art. It was the prettiest thing I'd ever seen. I know you're probably thinking, *Oh, my God, I might vomit*, but it was really hot.

There isn't anything I won't do with a woman I'm dating if she's on her period. I'll go down on her; I'll have sex with toys; I'll use my hands. If she's into it, then I'm totally down for full-contact sex. And I'm not going to put a dental dam on her, either. For the most part, the bleeding is internal. It's only when a girl climaxes that it starts to come out, and even then it's not much. If it were supermessy I might not drink it all, but if not, who fuckin'

cares? We've all tasted blood at one time or another. (I should probably note here that anyone I'm willing to do this with has been tested for HIV and other STIs, and I've seen the results. Let's get that out on the fuckin' table.)

As much as I love having sex with women when they're on their period, though, it wasn't until I met my husband that I started to feel comfortable having sex during mine. He's the only partner I've been with so far who really digs it.

We talked about it beforehand. I told him I wasn't into period sex, and he said, "Oh, no. If you're on your period, I'm still having sex with you. It's just more lube for me, and as long as I'm having sex, it's all good." The first time we went for it, it was kind of

PHOTOGRAPH BY CISCO LA MESSI



fucked-up, but in a good way. And not only did we have sex in the bed, but when we went to shower, we fucked in there, too. It made me feel incredibly sexy, even though that's usually such a gross time for me.

The last time we had sex on my period was a few weeks ago. I'd just found a woman online to come home with us, and all I could think in the days leading up to our threesome was, *Don't get your period*. She came over, and we had the first round of sex, which was superawesome ... until I started my period as she was finger-banging me. I thought, *This is so fucked-up!* I'd never met this girl before; it was our first sexual encounter. I had to get my period in the middle of my first three-way in a year? It was so not sexy for me. Thank God my husband was banging her at the time. I figured he could give her a killer orgasm, and then I'd fuck her and give her another orgasm, and then we could go to my show. Because, oh, yeah, I was performing with my improv group that night.

After my husband finished fucking her, she looked at me and said, "I don't care that you're on your period, give me your fuckin' pussy!" I was the only one who thought it was awkward. She pulled my pussy right onto her face and ate me out while my husband and I worked together to give her another orgasm.

Round two was better. When we came back from my show, I douched with water to clean things up a bit, and she and I ended up fisting each other and making out. She was totally into it, and she didn't leave until three in the morning. She didn't feel weird about it, either. She just thanked me for a good time and said we should do it again.

The next day, when my period was really getting going, my husband and I fucked, just the two of us. He started by making out with me on the couch and whispering dirty things about how the girl from the night before had felt on his cock when he'd railed her, and that was enough for me. I dragged him to the bedroom and put down a towel, and we just went at it. I was so turned-on and into what we were doing that I didn't think about my period at all. Now I think period sex is hot even when I'm the one bleeding. **OTW**

Tips for Making Sex During Her Cycle Happen

Try an alternative: A lot of girls will gladly drop to their knees and give you head during their menstrual cycle. If she's into anal, you can go in through the backdoor.

Keep it clean: Shower sex keeps things as clean as you can get, allowing both of you to enjoy the moment without worrying about the mess.

Keep it safe: The risk of STIs increases when she's on the rag, so be extra safe. You might think you can't knock her up during her period, but trust us, that's not a chance you should take.

Block the flow: Menstrual cups and contraceptive sponges will stop her flow temporarily. Both are available over the counter at major drugstores and online retailers.

Slow the flow: To minimize the amount of menstrual fluid you're dealing with, your date can use a warm-water douche. The water will rinse away the heaviest blood without causing irritation.

Protect the furniture: Put down heavy, dark-colored towels before you engage. Things are going to get messy, and you don't want to stain the sheets, mattress, or other bedding. Rinse towels in cold water afterward, before you wash them. When it comes to blood, hot water yields stains.

Don't look down: This is just better for both of you. Or make this a time for sex in the dark. **OTW**

barflies

Picking up a hot chick during her vacation was nothing new for Jo, but then Cipriana convinced the bartender to let them hang out after-hours. Fooling around in the bar pushed their passion to heights they'd never known, and the upcoming threesome with their admiring audience held the promise of indescribable pleasure for the rest of the night.

Photographs by Viv Thomas















Konyári Dani
Kisgyörgy János
Bertók Verő
Mészáros Zoltán
Miklós Csabi / Már
Csikánó Ezerjé
Székely Máttyás
Thurman





CARNAL KNOWLEDGE



Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, MPH

A Wanka Day

Are there any proven health benefits to masturbation?

Many studies have linked various health benefits to masturbation. I wouldn't say that any of the evidence to date qualifies as "proof," but on the whole, science suggests that masturbating can be good for your health. Various studies have shown that benefits may include stress reduction, higher self-esteem, and increased sexual satisfaction.

I'm guessing you're more interested in the physical health benefits. I'll also go out on a limb and assume you're a guy, and that you masturbate a lot. So what I think you're really saying is: "Here's something I already do and enjoy, and will keep doing no matter what you tell me. I already feel pretty good about masturbation. But I'd feel even better if I heard that masturbating could make me live longer. Could it?"

Maybe. There is some intriguing research on that, but it isn't specific to masturbation. It's about having frequent orgasms—either by masturbation or by sex with a partner.

A study in the 1990s linked more frequent orgasm to lower risk of death from heart disease. Researchers followed more than 900 men from South Wales over a ten-year period. They found that men who had at least two orgasms a week were half as likely to die of heart disease, compared with those who had fewer than one orgasm a month.

Another nineties-vintage study of young men (army recruits in Greece) showed that orgasm is linked to the hormone DHEA. Recruits who reported having more frequent orgasms had higher DHEA levels in their blood. Some other studies show a strong link between low DHEA levels and increased heart-disease risk in men. It's tempting to connect the dots: If more masturbation equals more orgasms, and if more orgasms

equal more DHEA, and if more DHEA equals less heart disease, then does more masturbation equal less heart disease?

I think it's debatable, but a good question all the same. I suppose a lot would depend on whether all means of reaching orgasm are equal, or if there's a difference. Possibly it's more beneficial to bust a nut with a partner than by yourself. But if you assume that an orgasm is an orgasm, you might infer that masturbating could help you live longer.

Again, none of this is anywhere near being proved. These are tantalizing leads that, hopefully, other scientists will follow up and confirm.

The last time I went to the doctor for a checkup, he made a point to say that although some studies have shown that drinking red wine may cut the risk of heart disease, the health risks of drinking alcohol may outweigh any potential, unproved benefits.

While evidence for masturbation's benefits isn't decisive, I should say there is also no evidence that it's harmful in itself. Evidence showing health benefits of red wine is no stronger than the evidence for masturbation's benefits. But it would be safe to tell guys it's okay to masturbate at least a couple of times a week.

There are still some wing nuts out there claiming that masturbation is damaging and addictive. The fact is, shame about masturbation can be harmful. But the harm comes from shame, not from masturbation. Take away the shame, and you take away the harm.

I'd say the key to getting any health benefits from masturbation is to do it cheerfully, and with a clear conscience. It is a wholesome thing to do. Sooner or later, that will be proved.

Is Child's Play Okay?

When we were kids, my sister and I played around sexually with each other a couple of times. It was limited to looking at and touching each other's privates. She's older than I am by about a year and a half. We never had any kind of sexual relationship after that. The two of us have never spoken of it since. It's an extremely embarrassing memory, but I don't think either of us was harmed. We are basically normal adults without major issues. Is there any reason why we should talk about it with each other now, or is it better to just leave it alone? Also, is this common between siblings?



Bleach and ammonia: common household chemicals. Both should be handled with care, but neither is especially hazardous on its own. Mixed together, however, they give off a deadly toxic vapor.

Children and sexuality is an equally hazardous combo. Add incest to the mix, and you've got something that'll really clear out a room. If I knew what was good for me, I'd stay far away from this. But here I go—carefully, with rubber gloves and respirator on.

Sexual contact between siblings in childhood is thought to be quite common. There are no reliable figures, because it's the kind of thing that most people keep to themselves, and prefer to ignore. In some instances, it could be viewed as play. Very often, however, "sibling incest" is a form of sexual abuse that's every bit as harmful as sexual abuse committed by an adult.

There isn't a clear line between incest and mere "play" or "experimentation" between siblings. Sibling incest is defined as a lack of consent by one sibling and the use of force or threats by the other, or a power imbalance between the siblings. By another definition, it is not "age appropriate" or done out of curiosity, and it's not a passing incident or two. Anything sexual between a teen or preteen and a young child would always be defined as abuse. But it's murkier when both siblings

are children and there isn't a big age difference between them.

Also, consent is not always plainly given or absent. Children may not recognize abuse because they can be confused about whether they took part willingly. Aggression and persuasion tend to be part of any sort of play between siblings. The power balance may be such that one always goes along with whatever the other, typically older, sibling puts him or her up to. But relationships between brothers and sisters are complex. You could read a 1,000-page novel about two siblings, and at the end still not be able to say which is the dominant one.

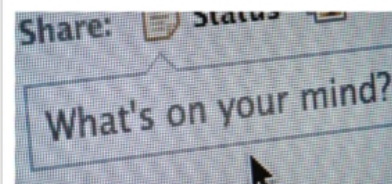
Did your sister abuse you? Or did you abuse your sister? I don't know. I'm not qualified to make that determination. And anyone who is qualified would need to know a lot more about you, your sister, and your family to even begin to understand what happened.

Professionals in the field of child sexual abuse are reluctant to label any sexual contact between siblings as "harmless." At the very least, it usually causes lingering feelings of guilt and embarrassment. Adults may not realize how much the experience has impacted their lives until after they've started talking about it in therapy. In some cases, it can be helpful for siblings, as adults, to openly revisit the past and resolve the issue. But that would depend on individual circumstances, and only if a therapist recommends it.

No one should carry around a secret that they can't talk to anyone about. As such, you would probably do well to talk about it with a mental-health counselor. But if you want to first get a sense of how other people's experiences are alike or different, try joining an online discussion group. One that deals with sibling incest is called Pandora's Project, at Pandavs.org.

No Excuse

Someone I'm friends with on Facebook just got divorced and has been posting frequently about how bad her marriage was. One post was about her ex-husband's fetish for stinky feet, and how she had to go weeks without washing her feet so he'd have sex with her. I feel sorry for her, but I can't help thinking less of her for "outing" the guy on Facebook. Am I wrong?



No matter how crappy the marriage was, there's no excuse for that. It's not because a foot fetish is such a terrible, unspeakable secret. As secrets go, it isn't even all that interesting.

I also don't blame her for wanting to talk about the shit she put up with. It's all very well for a fetishist to assert his kinky needs, but it sounds like he was an insensitive prick about it.

Her offense was posting the information on Facebook.

Usually I'm annoyed by commentary on all the ways that Facebook is changing life as we've known it. But I have to admit that Facebook does amplify the damage a vindictive ex can do. Before everyone and their grandmother was on Facebook, your friend might have unburdened herself about her ex's thing for stinky feet by telling a few close friends. Even if they liked to gossip, it would have gone only so far. Most people wouldn't care enough about it to repeat it. She probably wouldn't have told her grandmother, the neighbors, and the parents of her kids' friends from school.

If you're only a casual acquaintance and you saw her post, all those people, and more, did also. Airing her grievance on Facebook might have given her satisfaction for an instant. Ultimately, it was just about the worst thing she could have done, because it spread bad feelings all around. It embarrassed her ex. It probably also embarrassed everyone who read it. She also harmed herself. Whatever people think of him, now everyone thinks *she's* an asshole. ☹️

STRINGS THEORY

ART BY JASON JOHNSON
COLORS BY JAMES ROCHELLE

I bring home a six-figure salary—and the headaches that go with it. I'm in charge of a sales crew, and I'm what you might call a hard-edged bitch—when the job calls for it.



That said, when I'm home, I want to release the reins. I want my man, Aaron, to tell me what to do, especially on weekends. I only want to be his love slave and to cater to his every whim.



But this weekend, I did something unique. After cooking his breakfast, I stripped naked and tied on an apron that I'd special ordered.



Aaron wolf-whistled when he saw me.



Oh, baby.
What's gotten
into you?

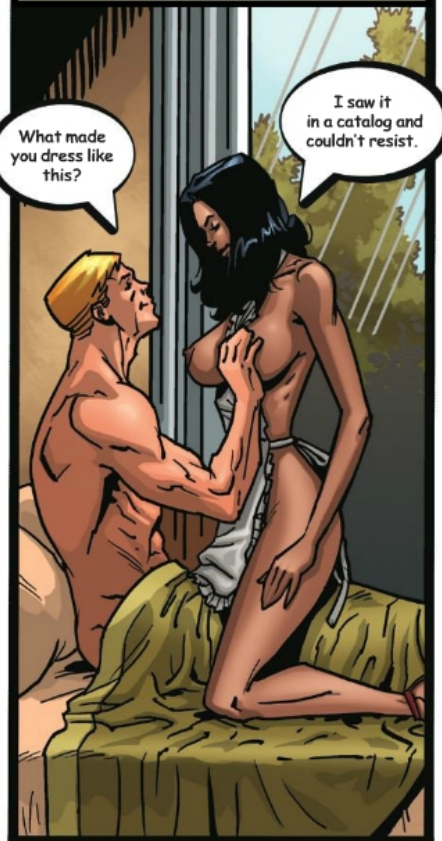
I love the way
your apron strings
dangle between your
ass cheeks!



Aaron pulled me onto the bed and stroked my breasts. I could feel how wet I was getting, and he felt it, too.

What made
you dress like
this?

I saw it
in a catalog and
couldn't resist.



And the
"fuck me"
shoes?

I couldn't explain
those—they'd
just called to me.



I want to fuck you
from behind, so I can
play with the ties on
your apron.



He thrust his
cock into my
pussy with one
hard, fast
stroke, and
my cunt mus-
cles squeezed
his dick. I
wanted more
—I wanted him
to pound into
me, but he
didn't.



Aaron let the strings dance over my asshole and I felt my backdoor clenching and unclenching. Then he traced his thumb over my puckered hole.

You like that. Why do you like having your asshole played with?

It just feels so naughty.

When Aaron asked me for the lube, I knew things were going to go differently than I'd expected.

He quickly lubed up my backdoor with his finger while thrusting his cock in and out of my pussy.

Aaron pulled out and flipped me onto my back, hoisting my legs over his shoulders. We'd never had anal sex in this position before.

I was flushed with heat and lust as he parted my ass cheeks and speared my well-lubed asshole.

I'm going to fuck the daylights out of you this weekend till you're lost in a haze of lust.

He fucked my ass hard and fast while pinching and teasing my clit. The dual sensations took me higher and higher. I came as Aaron filled my ass with his come.

I already was. I'd tried to surprise him, but he turned the tables—like any good dom will do!

The end

unzipped



Twenty-four-year-old Mary Jean is proud to be a New York City native, and the 32DD-24-36 beauty is equally proud to be in *Penthouse*. "I've wanted to model for *Penthouse* for as long as I can remember," she tells us. "I was lost for words when I got this shoot!"

Photographs by
Christopher Love







"I work as an exotic entertainer/dancer. It's great because I get to meet all types of people and have a fun time with them while I'm on the clock."





"I find it's best to be honest when I want a guy. I pretty much just say I want to hook up with him."



"The most exciting
place I've ever had
sex is in a car that was
parked in front of a
Barnes & Noble store."







"I've had plenty of great sexual experiences, but I'm still waiting to have that one remarkable tryst that I'll just have to kiss-and-tell about."

SEE MORE OF MARY JEAN AT PENTHOUSE.COM.





Copping Attitude

I was out with a couple of buddies one recent Friday night when we ran into Kendra, who was waitressing. She and I used to work together at another bar, and back then I'd been lucky enough to be her go-to guy when she wanted to get laid at the end of her shift. Suddenly, my night was looking a whole lot better.

Kendra was happy to see me, too, and laughed as she told me, "I get off at one o'clock. Think you can make sure I get off again once or twice by two?"

All I could say was, "Hell, yeah!"

We were out of there by 1:05, but quickly realized that because we were both home from college for the summer and living with family, we didn't have anyplace to go, except a motel. But when I suggested that, Kendra told me she'd rather fuck in the car, saying, "You know how much it turns me on when we might get caught. I know the perfect spot."

Kendra drove to an office park and pulled into the darkest corner of a parking garage, then climbed over the console into my lap. She didn't waste another second, untying the ends of the man's shirt she was wearing and opening the button that held it closed, then unhooking the front closure on her bra. The nipples on her gorgeous C-cups were already hard, and I yanked off my shirt before pulling her close and kissing her.

Our tongues tangled immediately, but I cut the kiss short so I could get my mouth on her tits. She reacted as passionately as always, moaning loudly and pulling my head against her chest. After a few minutes, I moved to the other breast and she let go, reaching down to rub my rock-hard dick through my jeans.

I opened my pants and shifted Kendra up a bit so I could pull my ass off the seat and release my dick. Once that was done, I reached under Kendra's skirt, happy to discover that she wasn't wearing panties. I homed in on her clean-shaven pussy, spreading her lips with one hand and thrusting two fingers into her wet heat with the other.

Kendra rocked against my fingers while she stroked my shaft, twisting gently as she pulled up. Pre-come was leaking from my cockhead, and she rubbed it into my skin. I couldn't wait to get into her, so I needed her to come. I increased the speed of my

finger-fucking and rubbed circles on her clit. In another minute, she went off like a rocket, screaming my name.

As she caught her breath, I pulled a condom out of my wallet and rolled it on. Then, to my surprise, Kendra turned around, pressed back against my chest, and said she wanted to try something we'd never done before. She leaned forward, forearms against the dash, and rose up on her knees, telling me to put my cock at her entrance. As soon as I was ready, she pushed down onto me, taking me balls-deep with one slow thrust.

As Kendra started to ride me, I pushed up her shirttail so I could watch my dick, already wet with her juices, slide in and out of her tight cunt. Keeping the shirt up, I reached around and grabbed her tits, pulling and plucking her nipples just the way she likes. She was moaning loudly, telling me how much she liked what I was doing and how good my dick felt. The dirty talk was new, but damn, it was hot as hell.

I was close to coming when someone knocked on the steamed-up window. Fuck! I couldn't believe we were busted.

I stopped moving completely, but Kendra kept rocking against my hips, not really riding, but teasing us both with her movements. She also reached down and pushed the button for the window. I was even more embarrassed when I realized that it was one of those windows that opens all the way with just one touch. The cop outside the car turned his flashlight on us and got an eyeful.

"Yes, Officer?" Kendra said.

"This is a private garage, folks. You'll need to move it along."

"But Mike didn't come yet, Officer. Can't you give us a few more minutes?"

"Kendra!" I burst out. "Don't worry, Officer, we'll get going right away." There was no way I was coming soon anyway. My dick was getting softer every second.

"Oh, Mike, he doesn't really want us to leave yet. Maybe you can't see his crotch from back there, but he's got himself a little situation in his pants ... well, looks like a big situation, actually."

I couldn't believe what Kendra was saying, and I glanced up at the cop's face for the first time. He looked a lot less serious than I'd expected, and then he moved his flashlight so he could see Kendra's tits. Man, this was fucked-up. I was sure he was going to



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forget the warning and haul us into the station. Then he chuckled and said, "What exactly are you proposing, Miss?"

"Well," Kendra drawled, "I could take care of that gun in your pants. It looks ready to go off. Then after you and Mike are done, we'll all go on our way."

"I already called in to say I was checking on a car in this lot, Miss. I'll need to account for my time with the dispatcher."

"Tell her I pulled in here because I have a flat and you need to be a gentleman and help me change the tire. You can't leave a woman alone



As Shelly arched her back, I thrust my hot, hard cock into her. It was all skin-slapping, hard-breathing, furious fucking.

with a flat tire at this time of night."

To my amazement, he walked over to his open door, reached in for the radio, and told the dispatcher exactly that. Then he took off his belt and put it down on the seat, and opened his pants on the way back to our car.

"Kendra, what the fuck are you doing? Are you sure about this?"

"Oh, Mike, it'll be fine. He's totally sexy, you know. I'll bet you'll love watching me suck him off."

I was shocked that she was suggesting this, but I had to admit that the idea of spit-roasting Kendra had my dick hard as a rock again—and she knew it. She opened the car door and told me to shift sideways on the seat, so she could lean out of the car.

The cop had opened his pants just enough to give Kendra access to his cock and balls, and after he put his hands up above the door, she shifted forward with her hands on his thighs for support and bobbed her head on his dick. He moaned, "Oh, fuck, that's good," as Kendra began to ride my dick again, taking him in deep each time she stroked up on me. I knew I was going to come fast and hard, and just hoped I'd last as long as the cop.

"Your girlfriend sucks a hell of a cock, Mike. Do you two do this a lot?"

Man, the dude expected me to talk, too? "Uh, no, I've never done this before."

Kendra lifted her head and said, "Not my boyfriend, but keep talking, guys. This is the sluttiest thing I've ever done, and you two talking dirty over my head is really hot."

I don't have a lot of experience with talking dirty, so I just kept thrusting hard into Kendra, rubbing her clit as she pushed herself back and forth on us. The cop had no problem, though, and kept telling her to suck harder and take him deeper, till he was breathing hard and groaned, "Suck it, you little slut. That's right. Take it all. You're gonna swallow every drop."

That did it for me. Kendra was moaning around his dick, her pussy was milking my cock, and I came harder than I'd ever come before. The cop came right after me, and I could see Kendra's throat working as she swallowed his load. She climaxed right after us, her pussy walls clamping and releasing my dick.

"Oh, fuck, that was hot!" Kendra said breathlessly.

"That was hot," said the cop, "and now we all need to be on our way."

Kendra pulled herself off me and stood up next to the car, reaching up to hug the cop. "Thanks, Officer. I've never enjoyed getting busted so much."

"My pleasure, Miss. Definitely my pleasure."

He closed his pants and kissed Kendra on the cheek, then started walking toward his car.

"One minute, Officer," Kendra called, hurrying after him.

I just sat there in blissful shock as Kendra gave the cop her phone number, kissed him good-bye, and came back to me. "Come on, Mike, we need to go. Clean up and get back in the car. Oh, but don't throw that condom out here. Can you imagine getting a ticket for littering, after getting away with indecent exposure?"

I shook my head and laughed, knowing there was no way my buddies were going to believe this story. But hey, maybe next time I'll let one of them in on the fun.—M.M., Tennessee

■ Iced Tits

My girlfriend and I were sweating up a storm during a blackout. We had the windows open to catch the breeze, and we lay on the bed nude, trying to avoid getting any hotter, unable to sleep.

I went to the refrigerator for a drink, returning to the bedroom with a tall glass filled with more ice than water. I drank a bit, then handed Shelly the glass. She drained it, leaving nothing but the ice.

I threw myself back down and reached for the glass to retrieve an ice cube. I dragged it across my forehead and down my neck, then leaned over Shelly and ran the melting ice over her breasts. Beads of sweat mixed with the melting ice, and despite feeling slightly cooler, Shelly was heating up fast. There was only one thing to do—get more ice. Might as well put it to good use before it all melted.

I pulled Shelly into the kitchen with me and emptied an ice tray into

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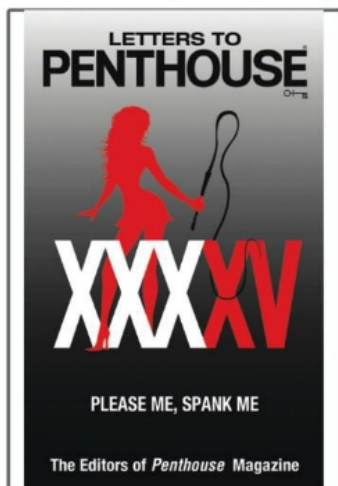
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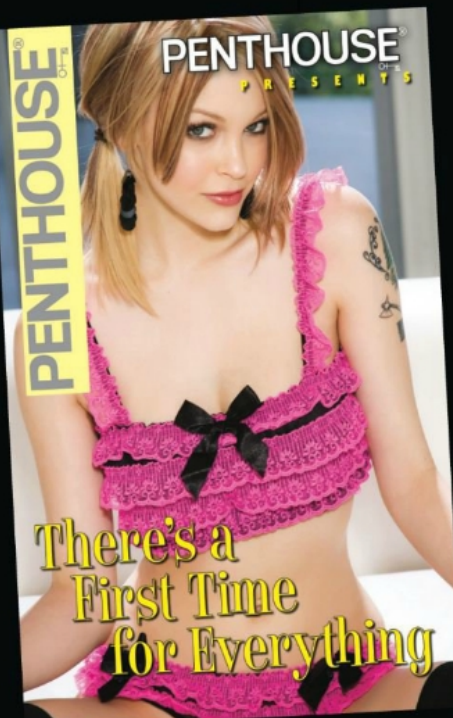
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a large bowl, then stroked Shelly's throat and torso with a handful of cubes. We were now standing in a small puddle of water from the melting ice. As I teased her body with the cubes, I maneuvered her back toward the countertop. Working at a snail's pace, I slid the ice from the base of her throat to her breasts, then circled her erect nipples. Shivers raced through her body. As her fingers gripped the edge of the counter, I licked the water droplets from her tits, working my way down to the thin strip of hair above her mound.

I grabbed a fresh cube from the bowl, then rubbed it over her lips before gliding it down to her belly button. The ice melted quickly, especially when I reached her pussy.

As Shelly arched her back, I thrust my hot, hard cock into her. She held the counter tightly and urged me on, lifting her hips to meet every stroke. It was all skin-slapping, hard-breathing, and furious fucking—the kind of hot sex where you both come out on top.

I lowered Shelly to the floor afterward and we lay there in the cool puddle for several minutes. Eventually, we tossed some paper towels on the floor and headed to the bathroom with another tray of ice cubes. One thing led to another, and we ended up spending what was left of the night in the bathtub with the rest of the ice.—C.D., Arkansas

Sister Act

After I graduated from college, I had a couple of job interviews out of my area. I arranged to stay at a friend's house for the week, so I didn't have to spend money on a hotel. We'd been housemates for our senior year and got along well, so it seemed like a good idea.

Nick picked me up at the airport, and on the way home he explained that he was renting a house with one of his sisters, who went to college there, since her roommate had graduated and moved away. He said her bedroom was on the opposite side of the great room and kitchen, what would be the master bedroom, so it shouldn't be uncomfortable.

When we got to the house, Nick's sister Alicia was bent over a bicycle in the driveway, apparently fixing something. My jaw dropped and my dick sprang to attention. Alicia was gorgeous: tall, long legs, tight

When she started deep-throating my cock, I came dangerously close to climaxing before experiencing what it would be like to be inside her.



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He slid his cock along my ass crack, teasing me. When I was moaning with lust, he pushed into my backdoor.

ass, *huge* tits, auburn hair in a messy ponytail. I mumbled something incoherent and Nick looked at me, smacked me on the shoulder, and said, "Hey, that's my little sister!"

"There's nothing little about your sister, man. Damn, you must have a hell of a time keeping sleazebags away from her."

"I've had some practice, yeah, so watch yourself. I'd hate to have to kill you."

My chubby faded somewhat as I grabbed my shit, but later, after we'd had pizza delivered, I got to know Alicia a little and I realized that she was more than pretty. She was a little geeky in a cute way, and we had a lot in common. Then Nick got a phone call and left the room, and Alicia rolled her eyes and joked about the girl he was dating. "She's got marriage on her mind, so she's not happy to have a frat buddy here for the week. I'm sure she'll try to keep you two from having too much fun." Then she gave me a sexy smile and said she'd be glad to show me around town so Nick's girlfriend would be happy.

Since Alicia was off-limits, I figured I'd better ask Nick where I could pick up a chick and get laid. I thought if I could relieve a little tension, I'd survive keeping my hands off the gorgeous, sexy, and apparently interested Alicia.

A few nights later, I'd gotten through both interviews, and was ready to relax, big time. Nick had plans with his girlfriend, who obviously didn't want him to spend time with me, so he'd recommended a club that was a good spot for hooking up. When I was on my way out, I ran into Alicia in the living room. Of course she asked where I was going, and when I told her, she laughed. "God, Jake, if you're hoping to get laid, we could take care of that right now."

"I think Nick would kill me if I took you up on that offer, Alicia."

"And you're going to listen to him? That's why you're keeping your distance, despite the fact that you've been staring at me hard enough to spark a fire?"

"Nick's a friend—"

"Nick's an asshole! Who I fuck is none of his business! Of course, if you're stupid enough to listen to him, you're an asshole, too."

She walked over to me, slowly and deliberately, and said, "Nick won't be back till tomorrow afternoon, at the earliest. We have an opportunity here, and I want to take it." She ran her hand down my body to my dick, which was already semierect and hardening rapidly at her touch. "I'd say you want to take it, too."

Alicia pushed me back onto the couch, then straddled my legs, leaning forward to kiss me for the first time. It was like spontaneous combustion the second our tongues touched each other. Within minutes, we were back on our feet and stripping off our clothing. I sat back down on the couch and pulled Alicia back to my lap, but she knelt between my legs, pushing them further apart.

She stroked my cock, then took it into her mouth. It felt so good when she closed her lips around my shaft, slowly licking from the base up to the head before sucking me deeper into her mouth. When she started deep-throating my throbbing cock, I came dangerously close to climaxing before experiencing what it would be like to be inside her.

I pulled her off my dick, urging her up onto the couch, but instead she leaned forward, pillowing my cock between her large tits. She had to be a D-cup, at least. She pushed them together around me and began to move up and down, fucking me with her cleavage. It was the hottest thing I'd ever seen!

Alicia tit-fucked me till I came all over her, giving her a pearl necklace that quickly dripped down into her cleavage. She reached over for her T-shirt, wiped my come off her chest, and stood up, grabbing my hand to pull me up with her. She led me to her bedroom, where we spent all night and the next morning fucking and sucking each other.

Of course, Nick was beyond pissed when he came home earlier than Alicia expected and found our clothes in the living room, but that night was well worth a punch in the mouth. Now Nick's moved out and Alicia has invited me to stay with her when I start my new job so we can see where things go from there. I've got no complaints about this relocation.—J.K., North Carolina





Getting the Rebound

I went to stay with my mother for a week when my cousin got married, and was shocked when we got to her new apartment and I met her boyfriend. He was about my age, late twenties, and hot as hell. He worked construction, so he was in great shape, and he was handsome without being the least bit pretty. He was just my type.

I had taken the red eye, so shortly after I arrived, Mom had to go to work, but she told me I should help myself to whatever I wanted. Then she looked pointedly at Brendan and winked. "You won't be disappointed, honey. Trust me."

Maybe I was overtired because I hadn't been able to sleep on the plane, but I would have sworn that my mother just offered to share her boyfriend. About 15 minutes after she left, it became clear that it hadn't been my imagination. Brendan began to massage my neck and shoulders, saying I seemed tense from traveling. When I agreed with him, he said, "Your mother says you work too hard, and you still haven't gotten over your husband leaving you. She suggested I act as wedding date/rebound guy this week."

"Aren't you my mother's wedding date?"

"No, you misunderstood. Your mother is dating my older brother."

"So she asked you to be my gigolo for the week?"

Brendan laughed and said, "She didn't say you'd pay me, but hey, I'm open to the idea." After a brief pause, he added, "She just wants you to get back on the horse."

"And you offered to take me for a ride, sight unseen?"

"She showed me a picture." He leaned down and kissed my neck, reaching down to unbutton my shirt for better access. I was mortified by my mother's behavior, but more aroused by Brendan than I'd been in ages. Finally, I just had to laugh. Mom had always been open with me about sex, but this was almost ridiculous. But I wasn't about to complain.

Brendan took my silence as the consent that it was, and moved his hands down to my breasts. I almost melted as he circled my nipples till they were like pebbles.

"So we're going to screw around in my mother's kitchen?"

"This is my apartment, actually. Your mother's house is full of people already, so you're staying here ... if you want to. Just let me take care of you, okay?"

Oh, I wanted to. I stood up and pushed the chair away, then took off my clothes. I couldn't look him in the eye, so I leaned over and braced myself on the table. I felt Brendan behind me, and could tell he'd also taken off his clothes. He put one hand on my stomach, reaching down to my clit, and the other on my pussy, gently working a finger into me.

"If you're my rebound guy, I can ask you for anything, right?"

"You can ask for anything that's ever popped into your pretty little head."

"I've always fantasized about being taken by a handsome stranger, like in a romance novel, but what I really want is to try anal sex."

He laughed and said, "Callie, you are a wet dream come to life. Let me grab some lube for you." He returned a few minutes later, came up behind me again, and then his fingers were on my ass, spreading lube between my cheeks and inside my asshole. Then I felt his cock between my cheeks. He slid the head along my ass crack several times, teasing me. When I was moaning with lust, he pushed his hard dick gently against my backdoor.

"Oh, yes," I moaned. "Fuck me!"

Brendan pushed harder then, moving past my sphincter and into my ass. He started thrusting, each stroke easing in more of his dick, and it felt fantastic. I moaned as he filled me, stretching my arms across the top of the table. I loved the feeling of a warm, hard dick between my cheeks.

I let him set the pace, then I started to push back against him. That made it feel even better, and it sent him deeper into my ass. I loved it! We fucked each other furiously, and the table started to scrape across the floor. I was in desperate need of an orgasm!

Brendan reached around and fingered my pussy, bringing me to the edge. I think I would have come without his help, but he got me there faster. A minute later I came, my ass clenching around his cock with a viselike grip. Brendan hadn't come yet, though. When I was done, he pulled out of my ass and jerked his cock until he sprayed my butt with his come. As I felt his seed splashing against my warm ass, I knew this

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was going to be a great week. I had no idea how to properly thank my mother, though.—C.T., *Washington*

■ Rub Him the Right Way

I work as a massage therapist, and my husband is ridiculously fond of making jokes about happy endings. Dan knows he's the only one who ever gets one, but sometimes I do work hard to ignore clients' erections. One in particular, Matt, a college athlete, sports a pretty impressive hard-on by the end of a rubdown.

I mentioned Matt to Dan one day, saying that he took a long time to change after his last massage. Dan cracked up and said he probably jerked off before he got dressed, and the idea of that got me really hot. Dan and I fucked furiously as he told me what he thought Matt was thinking during his massages.

Dan called in the middle of Matt's next appointment, his voice on the machine saying it was important that he speak to me right away. Of course Matt said I should pick up, so I walked to the corner of the room and spoke as quietly as possible, leaving

Matt facedown on the table. When Dan asked if Matt's dick was hard, I told Matt I would be just a minute, that everything was fine, and to turn over so I could work on his chest. I confirmed to my husband that Matt was aroused, and he told me to put down the phone but leave the line open. He wanted to hear me give Matt a deluxe treatment.

"Are you ready to finish up?" I asked. Matt was surprised and asked why we were cutting his appointment short. "I don't want to finish you up early," I said with a wink. "I want to finish you off right."

"Whatever you want to do works for me, darlin'."

I reached for the massage oil and put a generous glob on my hands, getting them nice and slippery. Then I pulled off the towel and took hold of Matt's thick dick, moving my hand up and down. As I used my other hand to play with his balls and tease his perineum, I felt his hand move to my ass, caressing me for a minute before sliding into my yoga pants and pulling my wet thong away from my cunt. "Oh, darlin', look at you. All wet and slick. Is this for me?"

I wasn't sure how far I wanted to go, so I said hands only. Matt immediately slid two fingers into me, twisting his hand so he could circle my clit with his thumb. I let out a loud moan, almost embarrassed by how excited I was.

I was still working Matt's dick and caressing his balls when I began to tease his ass with my index finger. I slid the tip of my finger into Matt's asshole, massaging his prostate gland, and he orgasmed, come dripping down my hand and spurting onto his stomach. I kept stroking and squeezing gently until his climax was complete. By that time, he had me coming, too, and the walls of my cunt were giving his fingers a massage.

"Your husband still on the phone?"

"Oh, God, yes, he is. I almost forgot." I grabbed the phone, smiling at the smug look on Matt's face.

"Sounds like you gave him a good send-off," Dan said.

"Are you upset?" I asked.

"Are you kidding? I'm your next appointment. I'm going to come in there and fuck the shit out of you as soon as the kid is gone."

I laughed and hung up, then told Matt what Dan had said. Matt laughed, too, and said, "Darlin', you'd better believe I'll be back soon. You know, for the sake of your marriage and all." But that's another story.—L.T., *Texas*

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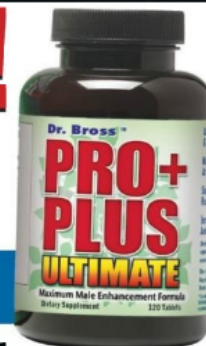
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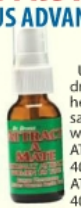
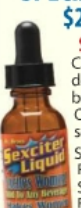
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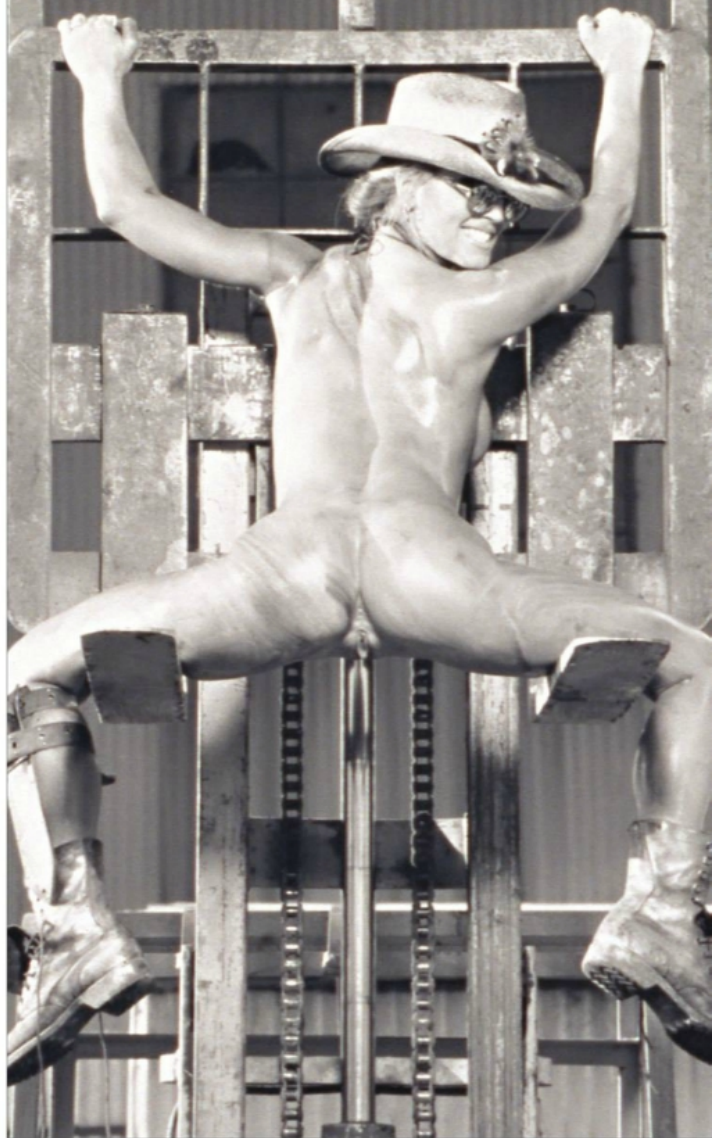
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Dirty Girl

Closing out this inaugural Down & Dirty issue: Our 1990 Pet of the Year Runner-Up, Janine Lindemulder, all filthy and flirty. The blonde beauty has had plenty of drama in her personal life in recent years, but these June 1996 photos from Earl Miller capture her in her prime, and loving the gritty shoot. As she told us, "Being a glamour girl has its moments, but I love getting down and dirty." Yep, that's how we like her: nasty.

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